

STEVE CHALKER & GARY SMITH'S

ANDROID in KANSAS

DEMOLITION
KITCHEN
PUBLICATION

WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO BE WHEN YOU
GROW UP SON?

AN
ANDROID.



**FEATURING:
ROD RAM**



**THE
HUSKY BOYS**

**THE CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY
COLLEGE NEWSPAPER STRIP RETURNS**

AS MUCH OF A COMPLETE COLLECTION AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

STEVE CHALKER & GARY SMITH'S

ANDROID IN KANSAS

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ORIGINAL ARTWORK - STEVE CHALKER

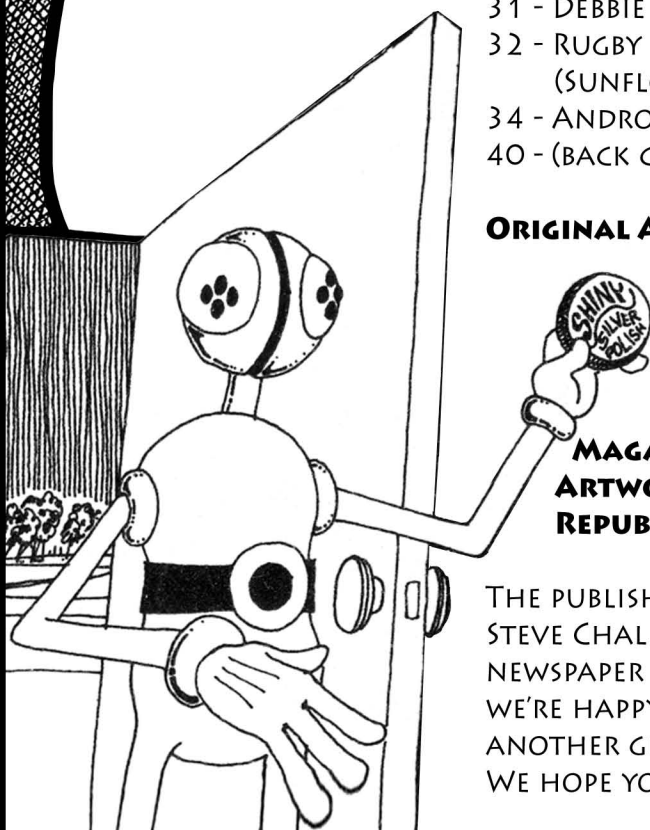
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THE PUBLISHER OF THIS MAGAZINE WOULD LIKE TO THANK
STEVE CHALKER AND GARY SMITH FOR BRINGING THE ORIGINAL
NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIP TO LIFE. IT'S A WONDERFUL SERIES, AND
WE'RE HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO BRING CHALKER'S ARTWORK TO
ANOTHER GENERATION AND A NEW AUDIENCE.
WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS MAGAZINE.



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Android in Kansas

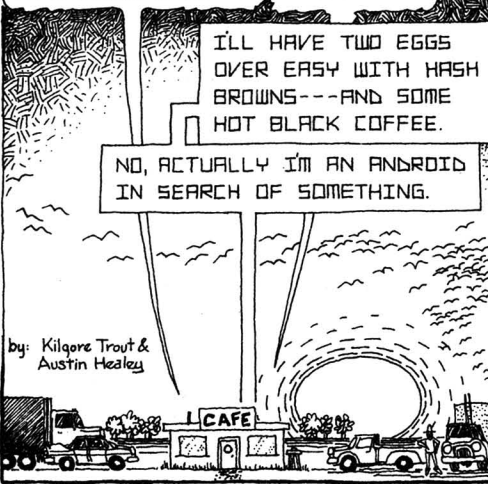
down...
 YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN
 IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.

WHAT DO YOU
 WANT?

I'LL HAVE TWO EGGS
 OVER EASY WITH HASH
 BROWNS---AND SOME
 HOT BLACK COFFEE.

NO, ACTUALLY I'M AN ANDROID
 IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.

by: Kilgore Trout &
 Austin Healey

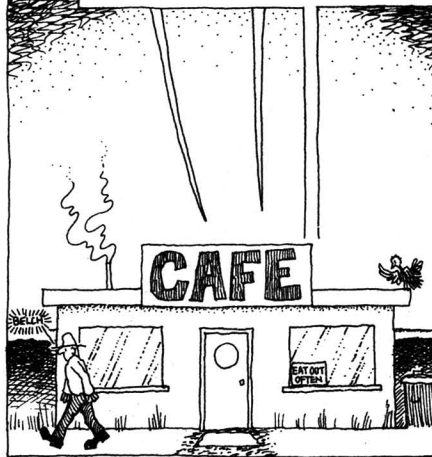


WHAT ARE YOU IN
 SEARCH OF?

YOU WANT
 YOUR COFFEE
 NOW?

YES,
 PLEASE.

---A SHINY SPHERE ABOUT
 THE SIZE OF A GRAPEFRUIT.

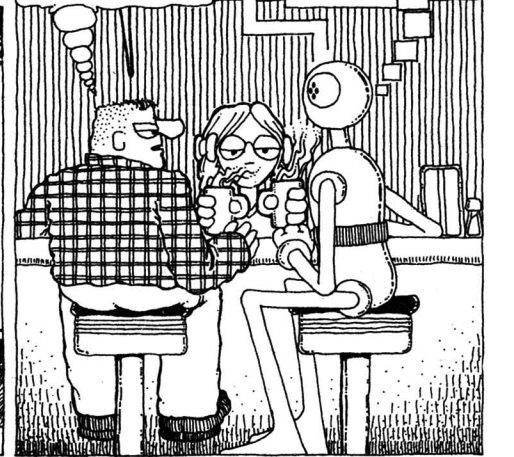


A SHINY SPHERE, EH?

YES.

THIS GUY GIVES
 ME THE CREEPS.

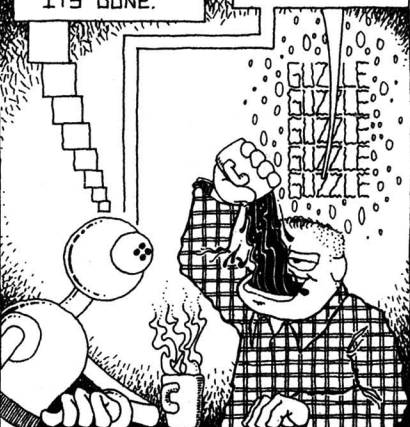
I MUST BE VERY
 CAREFUL TO ACT
 LIKE A HUMAN
 SO NO ONE WILL
 BE FRIGHTENED
 OF ME.



MMM YEAH. THAT HITS THE SPOT!
 NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN
 GUZZLIN' DOWN A HOT CUP OF
 BLACK COFFEE IN THE MORNING.

SO THAT'S HOW
 IT'S DONE.

YEAH, ME TOO.

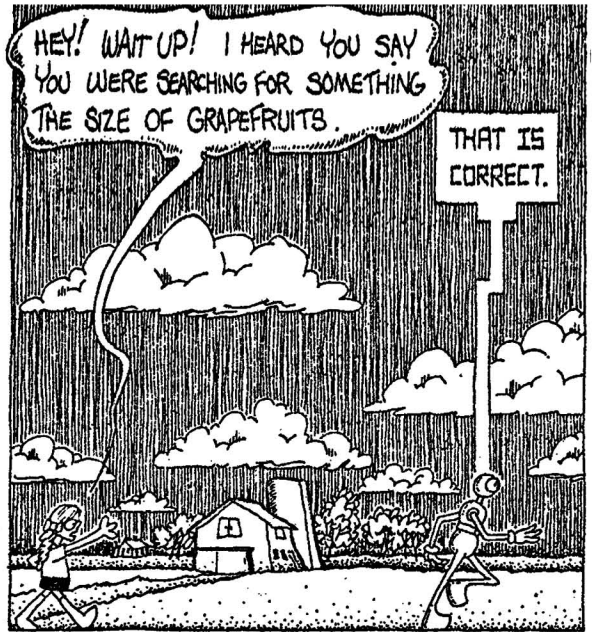


MMM YEAH. THAT
 HITS THE SPOT!



HEY! WAIT UP! I HEARD YOU SAY
 YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING
 THE SIZE OF GRAPEFRUITS.

THAT IS
 CORRECT.



I THINK I MAY
 BE ABLE TO
 HELP YOU.

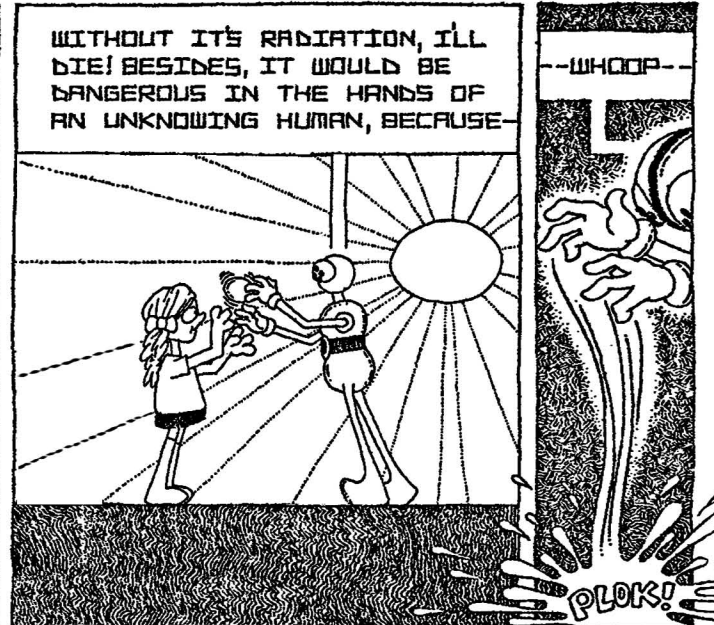
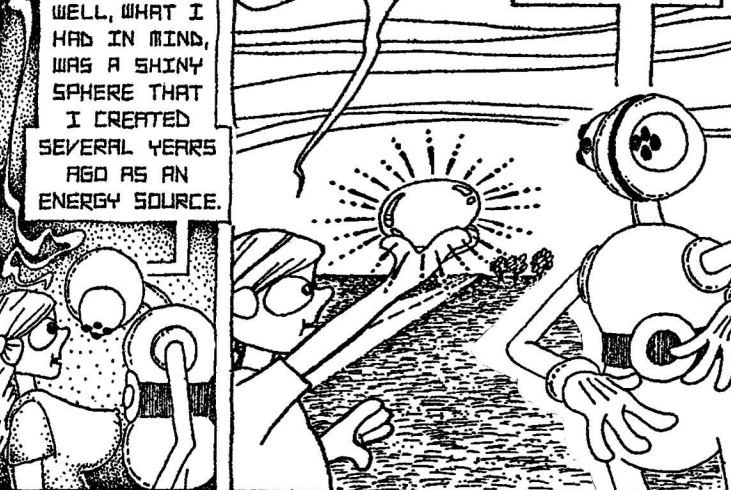
WELL, WHAT I
 HAD IN MIND,
 WAS A SHINY
 SPHERE THAT
 I CREATED
 SEVERAL YEARS
 AGO AS AN
 ENERGY SOURCE.

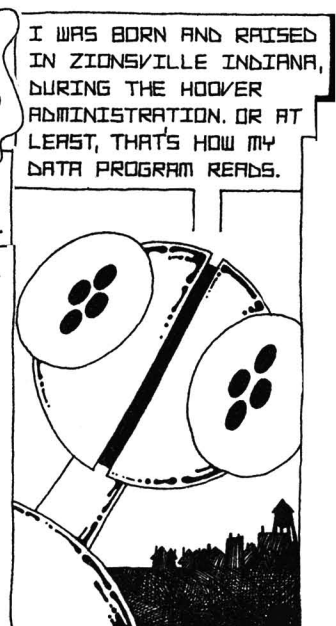
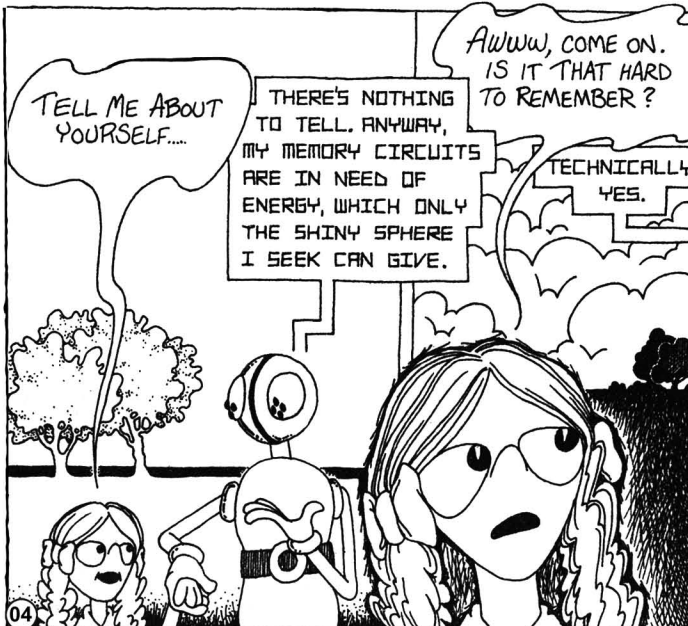
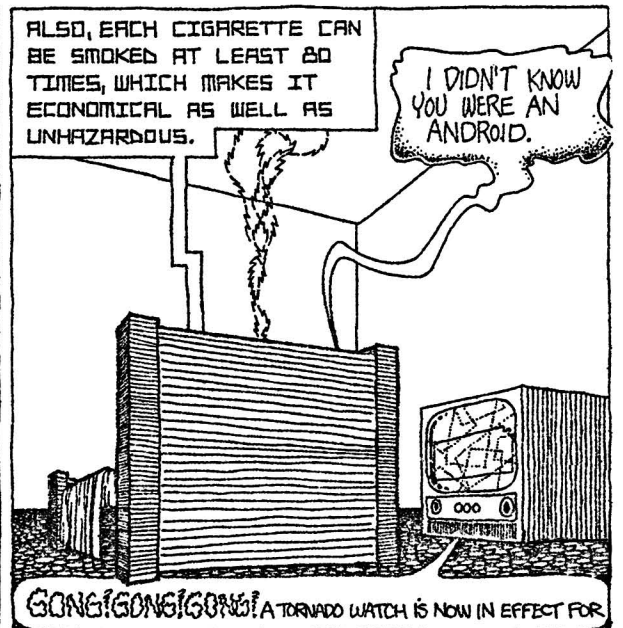
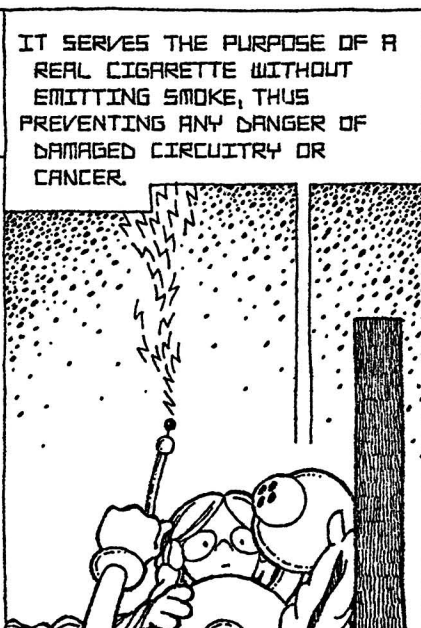
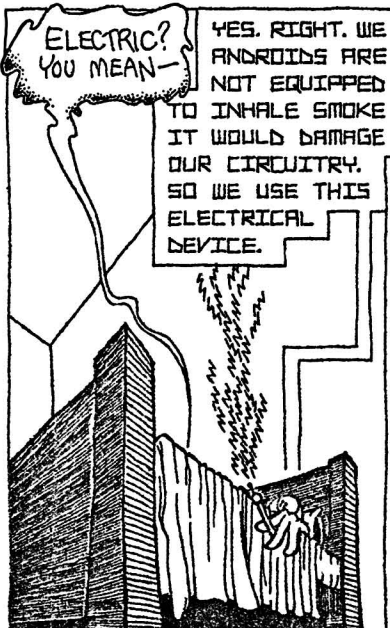
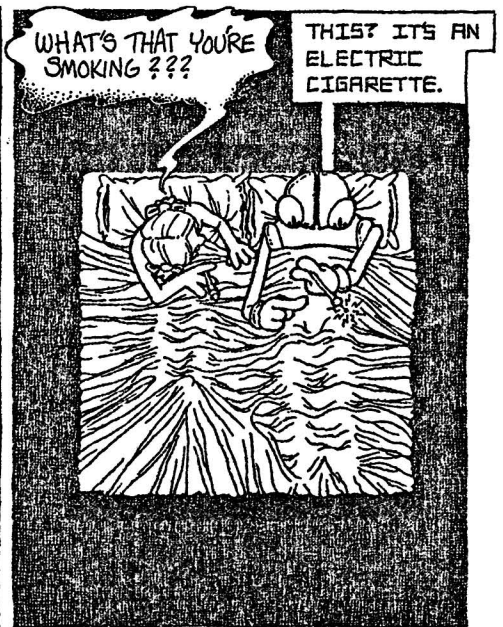
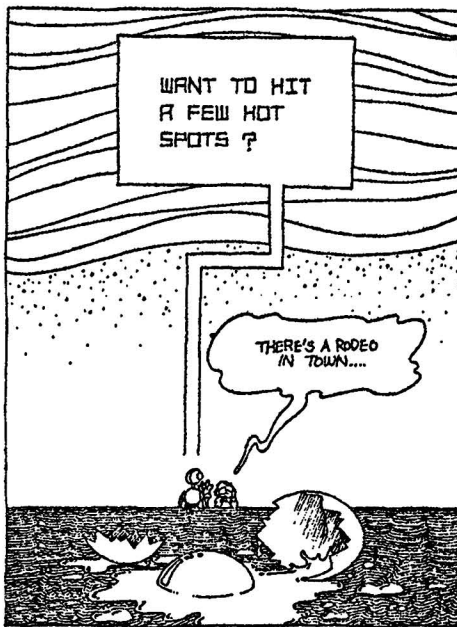
IS THIS IT?
 I FOUND IT IN
 THE BARN.

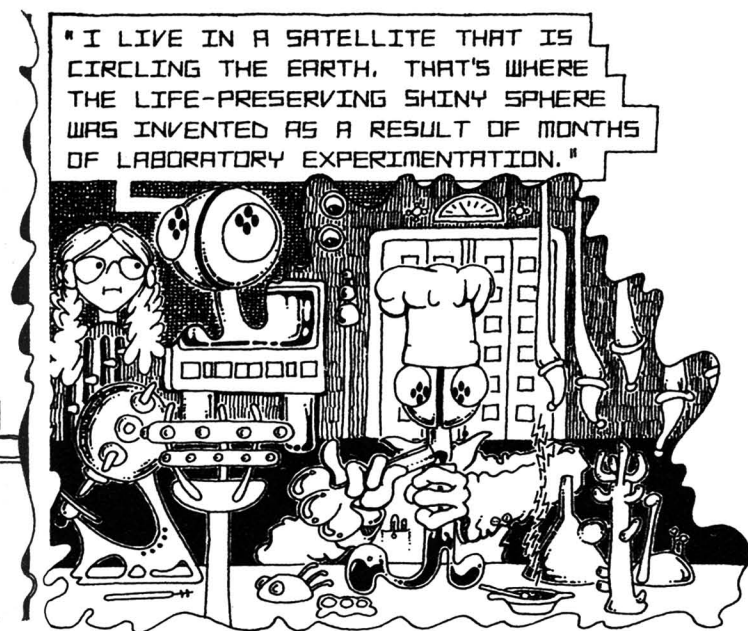
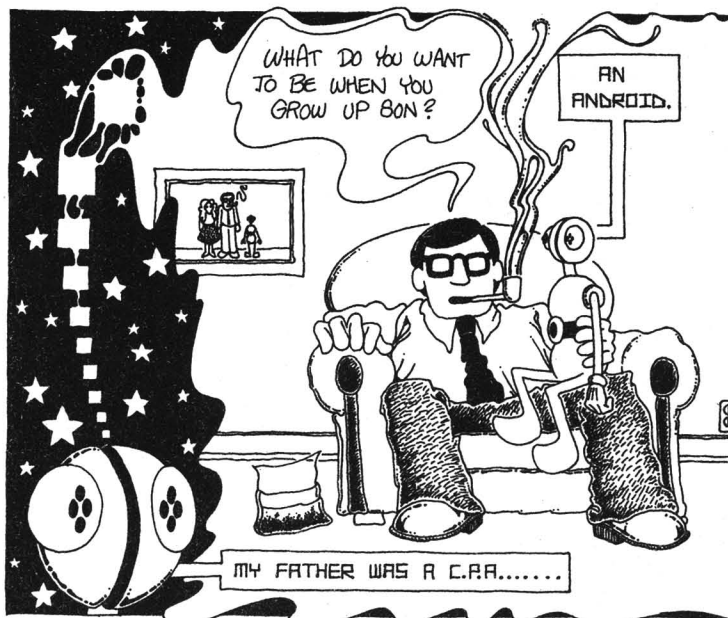
MY SPHERE!!
 GIVE IT TO
 ME QUICK!!

WITHOUT ITS RADIATION, I'LL
 DIE! BESIDES, IT WOULD BE
 DANGEROUS IN THE HANDS OF
 AN UNKNOWN HUMAN, BECAUSE--

--WHOOOP--



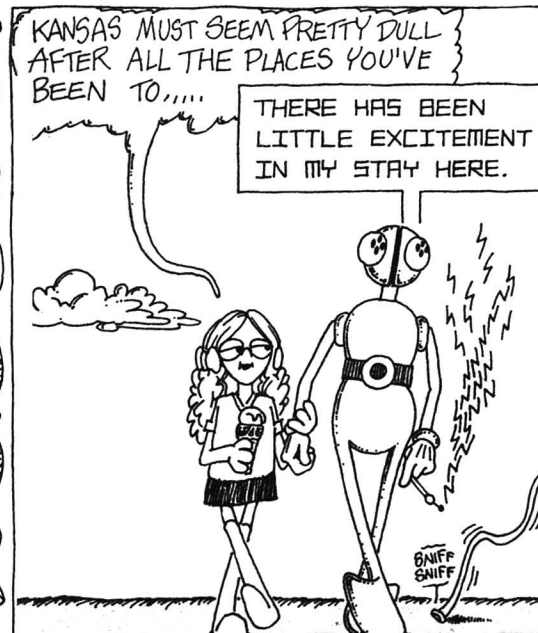
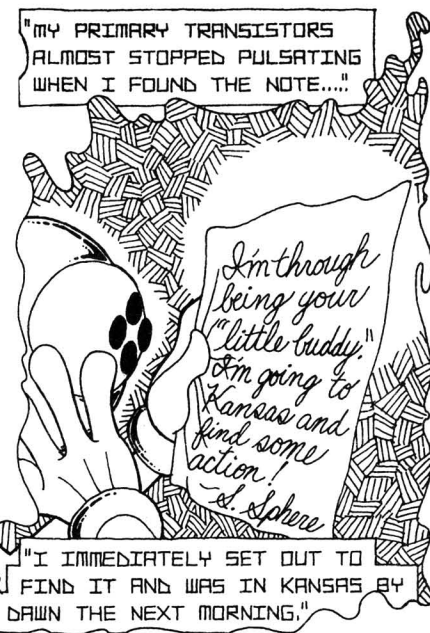
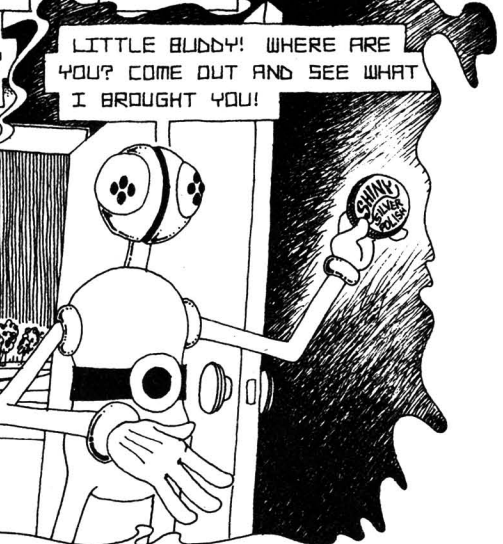
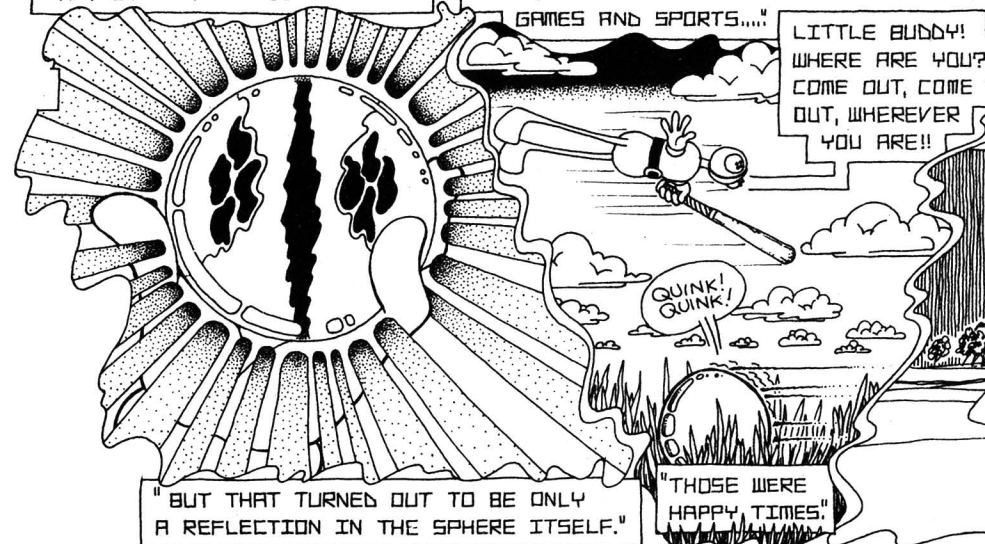


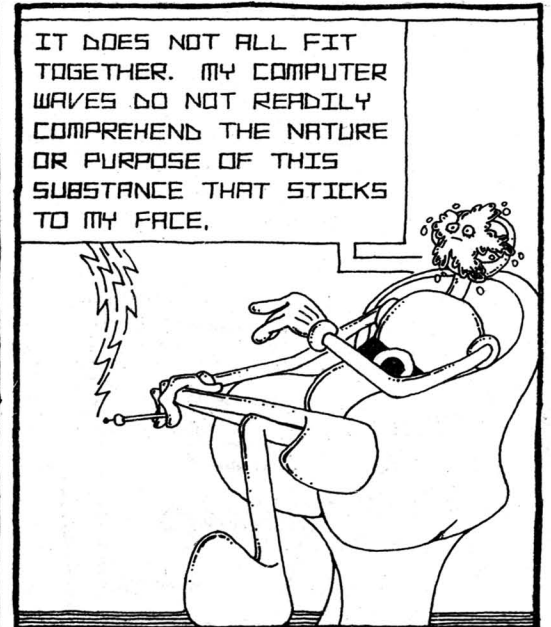
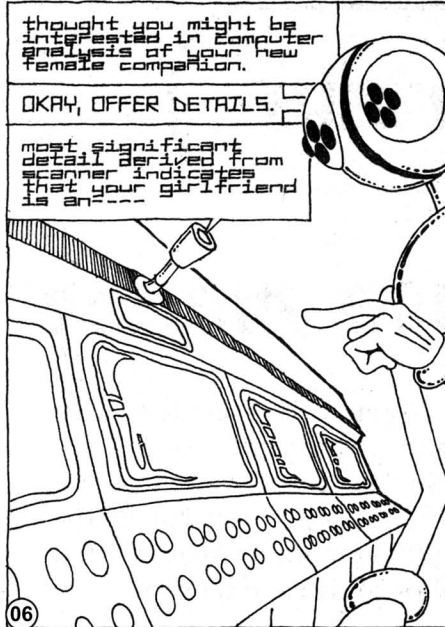
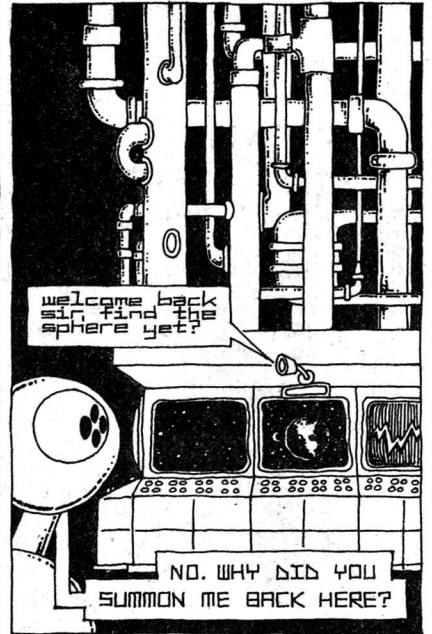
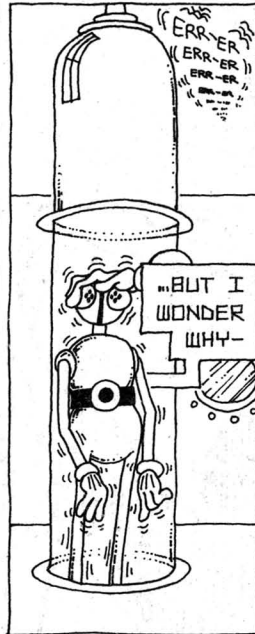
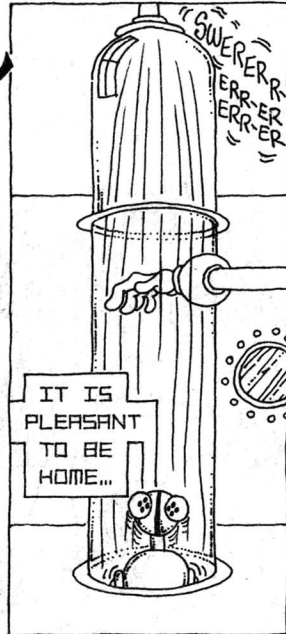
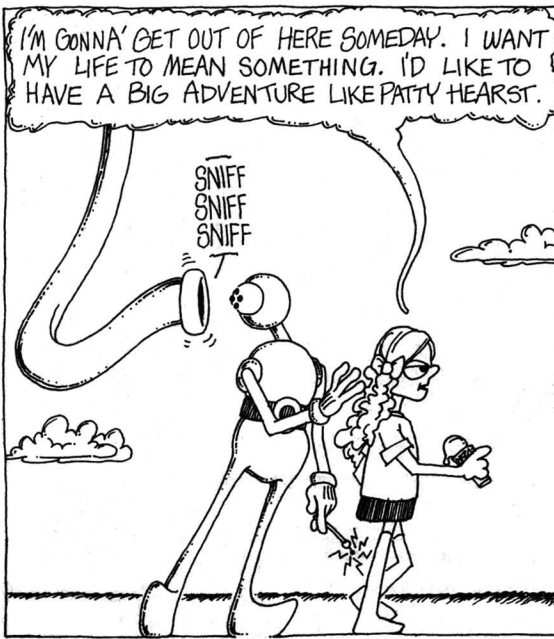


"WHEN THE SPHERE WAS FIRST CREATED, I WAS SUPRISED TO LEARN THAT IT BORE MY OWN IMAGE...."

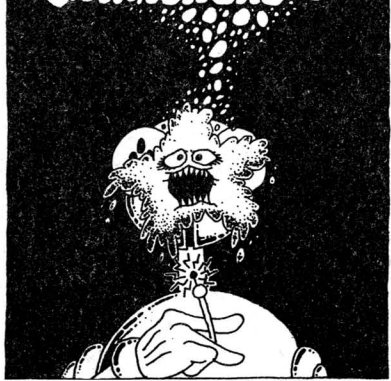
"IT WAS MY CONSTANT COMPANION! WE WORKED AND PLAYED TOGETHER DAILY. THE SHINY SPHERE AND I HAD OUR OWN ASSORTMENT OF UNIQUE GAMES AND SPORTS...."

"THEN ONE DAY, AS I RETURNED FROM AN ERRAND...."

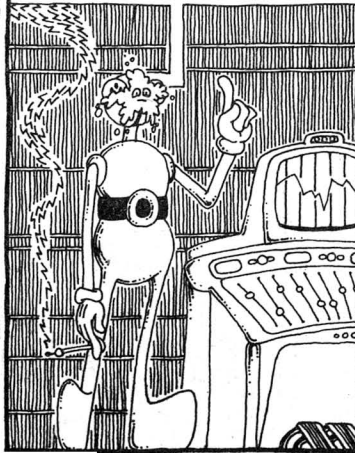




FROM VENUS! FROM VENUS!
COME TO DO! MUCH TO DO!
NEED SATELLITE! LIVE HERE!
REST! HIJACK SATELLITE
NOW! REST LATER! REMOVE
ANDROID! GO NOW QUICKLY!
ANDROID GO!



SO! THE PURPOSE IS
REALIZED! I AM SORRY
LITTLE VENUSIAN, BUT I
NEED MY SATELLITE, AND
FEEL ENTITLED TO IT.



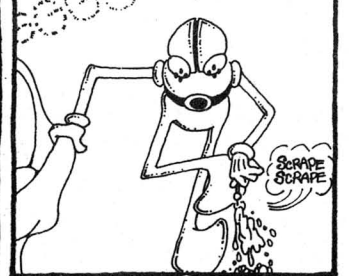
IN OTHER WORDS



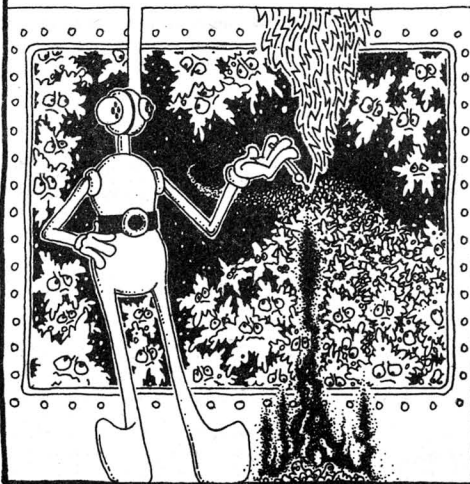
-YOU MUST BE
CONQUERED-



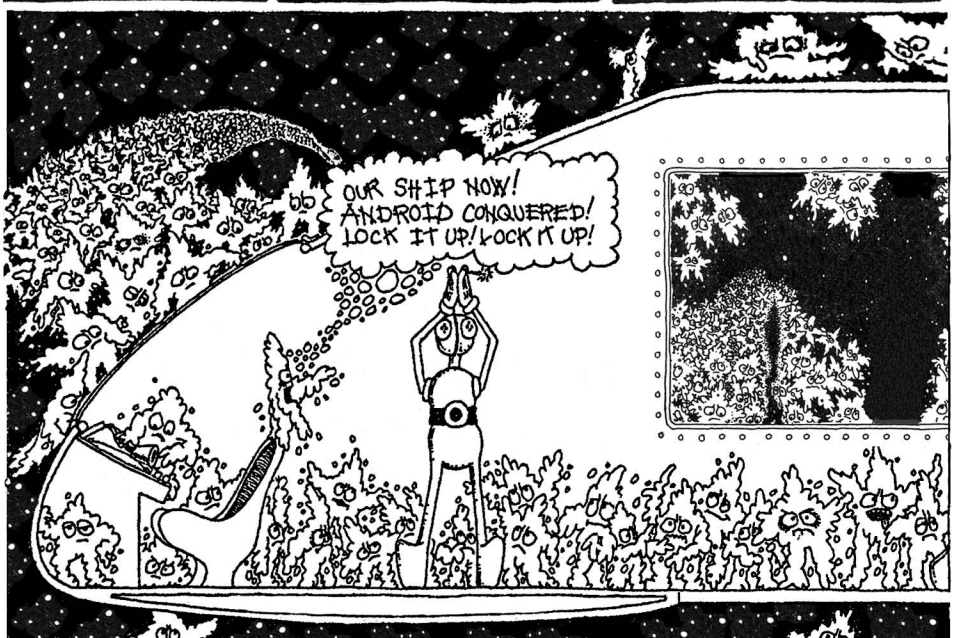
-LITTLE ENEMY.



TOO BAD I AM NOT EQUIPPED WITH
AN EGO, OR I WOULD COMMEND MYSELF
ON THE COOL, SUAVE MANNER BY
WHICH I DISPOSED OF MY PATHETIC
LITTLE NEMESIS.



OUR SHIP NOW!
ANDROID CONQUERED!
LOCK IT UP! LOCK IT UP!



COME ANDROID!
PRISONER NOW!
NO FUNNY BUSINESS!
OUR SHIP NOW!

IF I WERENT SO WEAK
FROM LACK OF EXPOS-
URE TO THE SHINY
SPHERE'S RADIATION,
ID MAKE MY ESCAPE.

ALSO, I WONDER WHAT
THE SHIP'S COMPUTER
WAS GOING TO TELL
ME JUST BEFORE IT
BROKE DOWN,
SOMETHING
ABOUT MY
GIRLFRIEND
BEING A.....
WHAT???

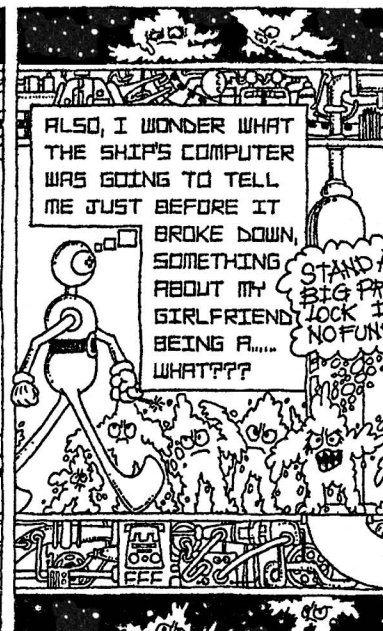
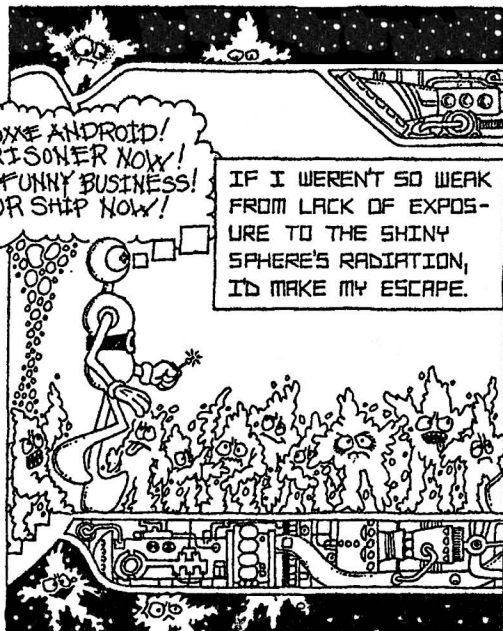
STAND ASIDE!
BIG PRISONER!
LOCK IT UP!
NO FUNNY STUFF!

WHERE ARE THESE
VENUSIANS
TAKING ME?

OH NO. NOT
THE BROOM
CLOSET.

BIG PRISONER!
STAND ASIDE!
BROOM CLOSET!
LOCK IT UP!
BROOM CLOSET!

WAKEUP!
LOCK IT UP!
STAND ASIDE!
DANGEROUS!
NO FUNNY STUFF!



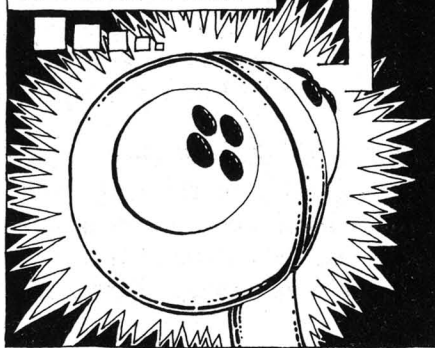


HEY!! LET ME OUT OF
HERE PLEASE!!

NO DEAL!
YOU PRISONER!
STAY PUT!
KEEP QUIET!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE AND GET
THESE VENUSIANS
OFF MY SHIP SO I
CAN GET BACK TO
KANSAS AND FIND
THE SHINY SPHERE.

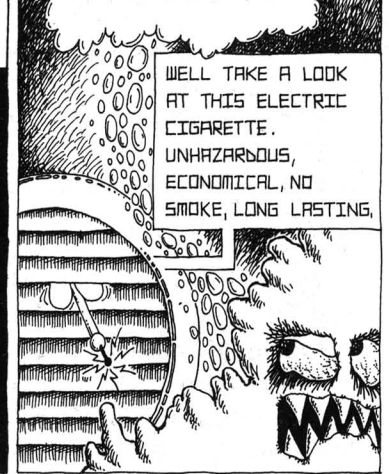


HEY GUARD!!
DO YOU
LIKE
CIGARETTES
??

ANDROID QUIET!

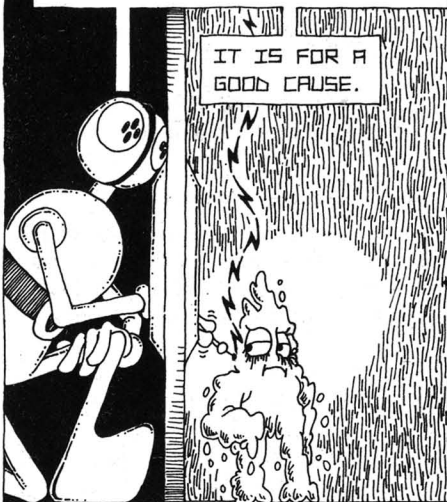
NO NOISE!!
YOU PRISONER!
LIKE CIGARETTES, YES!

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS ELECTRIC
CIGARETTE.
UNHAZARDOUS,
ECONOMICAL, NO
SMOKE, LONG LASTING.



LOOK, LITTLE BUDDY. IT'S YOURS.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LET ME
OUT OF HERE FOR A SHORT TIME.

IT IS FOR A
GOOD CAUSE.



by: Capt. Menshevik & Daddy Jack MacClanahan

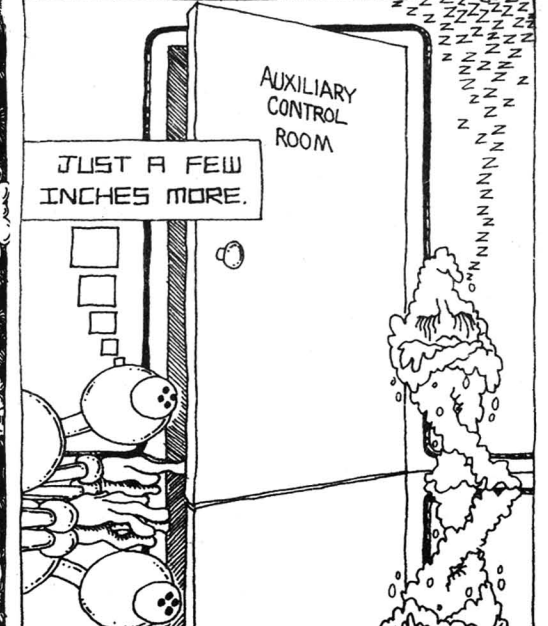
AND SO...

THE PRICE
OF FREEDOM.

REAL MILD/
SMOOTH TASTE!
LOW TAR!

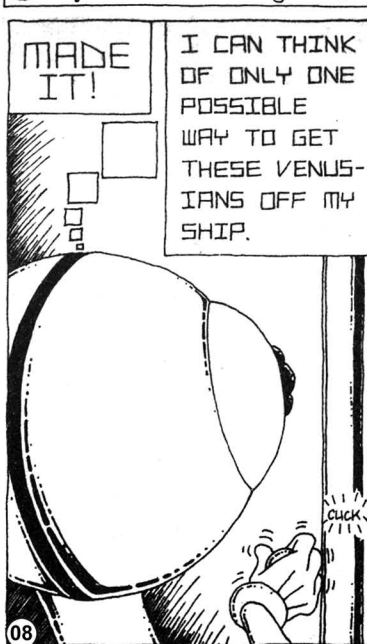


JUST A FEW
INCHES MORE.



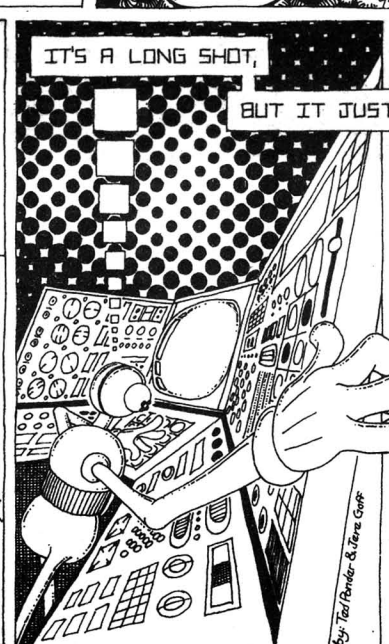
MADE
IT!

I CAN THINK
OF ONLY ONE
POSSIBLE
WAY TO GET
THESE VENUSI-
ANS OFF MY
SHIP.



IT'S A LONG SHOT,

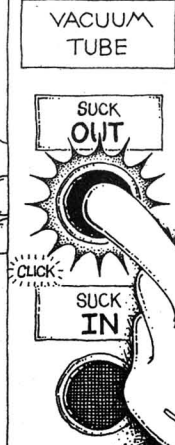
BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK.



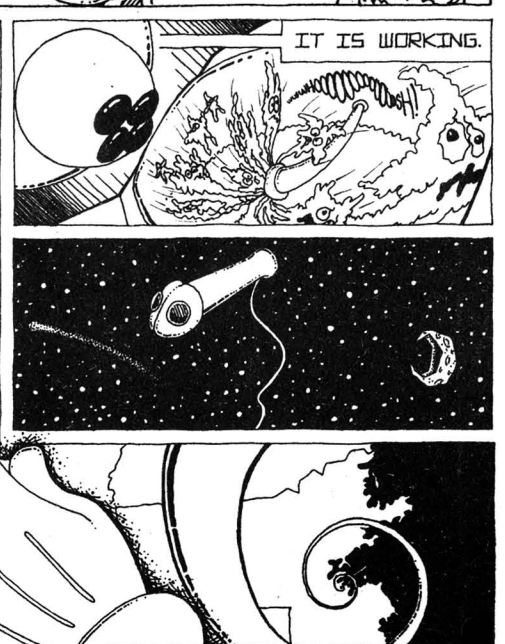
VACUUM
TUBE

SUCK
OUT

SUCK
IN



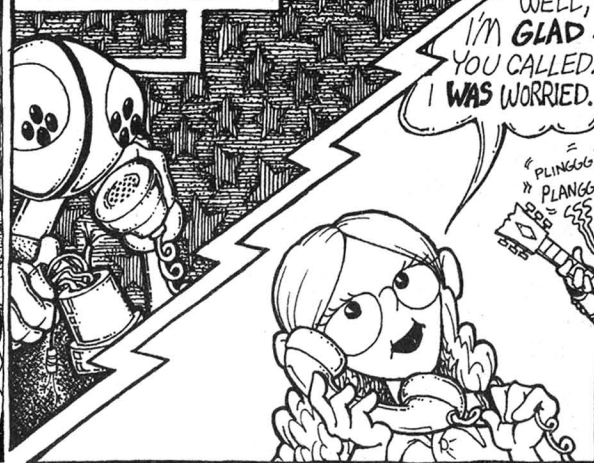
IT IS WORKING.



AND, IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.....



...AND SO I WILL BE BACK DOWN IN KANSAS AS SOON AS I GET A FEW THINGS IN SHAPE UP HERE IN THE SATELLITE.

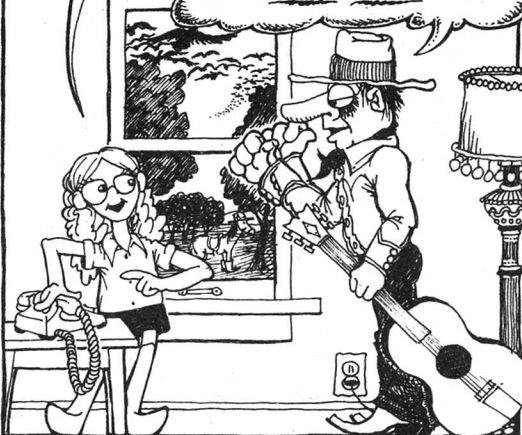


MY BROTHER, WHO IS JUST PASSING THROUGH, WANTED TO ORGANIZE A POSSE TO LOOK FOR YOU WHEN I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED. ...YES, YES.... OKAY. GOODBYE.



THAT WAS HIM, HE'S SAFE AND SOUND.

WELL, THEN, I GUESS I'LL JES' BE HITIN' THE **DUSTY TRAIL** AGAIN.

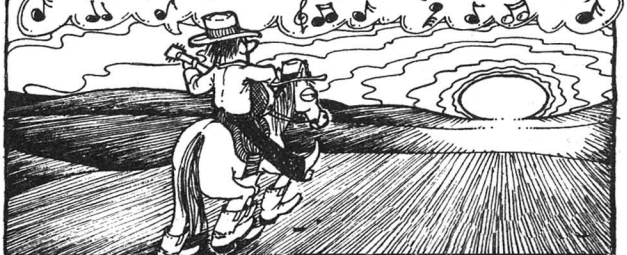


DON'T MAKE A **STRANGER** OF YOURSELF.

DANG RIGHT. ADIOS, MI HERMANA.



DIG THEM **HOoves** IN THE **DIRT** **YOUNG CRITTER**, 'CAUSE IT'S A **LONG AND DUSTY TRAIL** BEFORE US, **TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEEDS RIDIN' BESIDE US**, LEADIN' US TO OUR **DESTINY (CHORUS:)**
OH FILL MY BAG WITH **GOLD AND BEANS**, AS I FOLLOW THE **SUNSET** STRAIGHT AHEAD, DON'T TRY TO **CHANGE MY WAY OF LIVIN'** 'CAUSE **I'LL BE A COWBOY TILL I'M DEAD!**
RIDIN' **HIGH** IN THE SADDLE AT NIGHTFALL, WISH THE **SUN** WOULD STAY OUT LONGER FOR US, SOON I'LL **STOP AND DRINK HOT COFFEE**, AND GET SOME **SHUT-EYE (REPEAT CHORUS)**



YIPPIE-TY-YI-YIPPIE-TY-YAY! YIPPIE-TY-YI-YIPPIE-TY-YI!

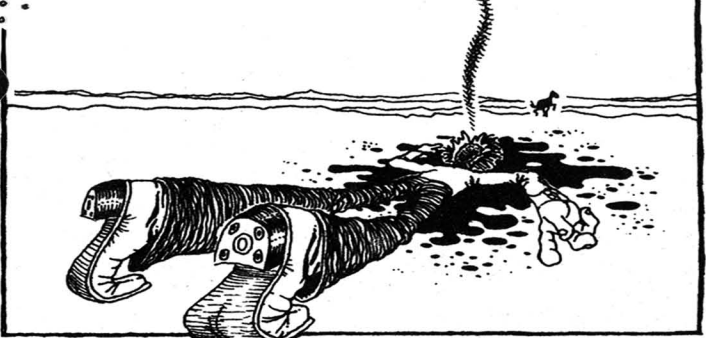


FFSSSSSSSSSS





THE BIG ONE



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....
He was a man of adventure.
A true American Hero.....

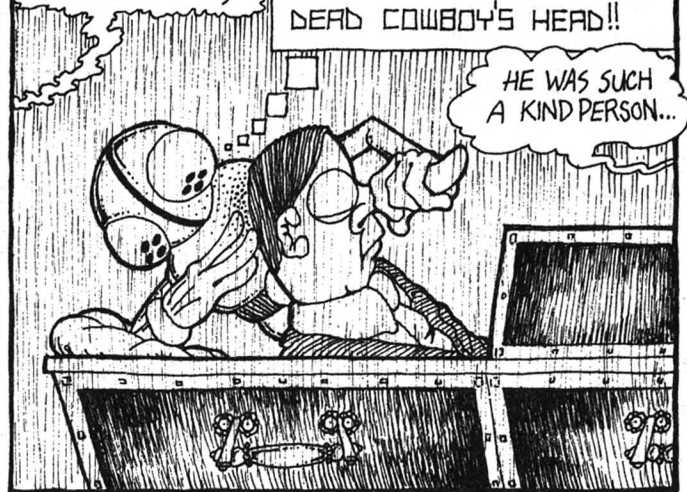
THAT IS ODD!!! MY
SENSORS ARE PICKING
UP THE RADIATION OF
THE SHINY SILVER
SPHERE THAT I SEEK!
BUT WHERE DOES IT
COME FROM?



Ashes to ashes.....
HEY! What do you
think you're doing?

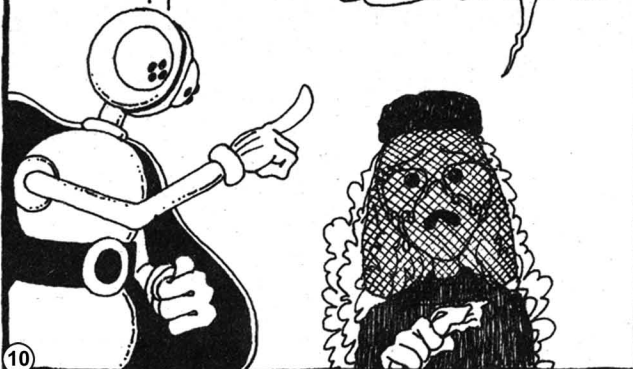
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE!
THE RADIATION IS ON
THE BACK OF THIS
DEAD COWBOY'S HEAD!!

HE WAS SUCH
A KIND PERSON...



OBVIOUSLY YOUR BROTHER WAS
KILLED BY THE SHINY SPHERE.

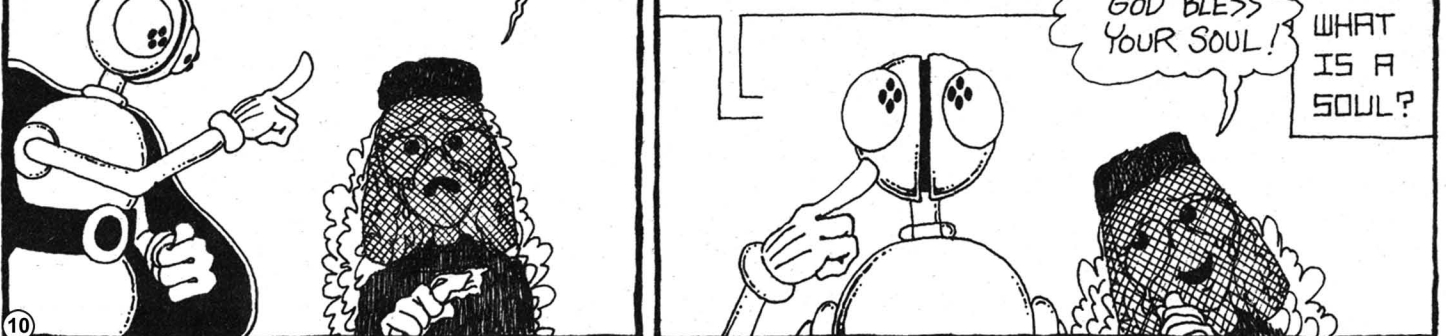
BUT WHY? MY
BROTHER WOULDN'T
HARM A HORSEFLY.



I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT I DO KNOW ONE
THING. YOUR BROTHER WAS HEADED WEST.
HE WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND BY THE
SPHERE. THEREFORE THE SPHERE MUST
HAVE BEEN HEADED WEST, TOO. NOW THAT
I HAVE THIS CLUE, I CANNOT REST UNTIL
I FIND THE SPHERE.

GOD BLESS
YOUR SOUL!

WHAT
IS A
SOUL?



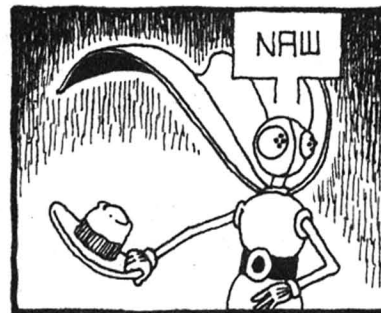
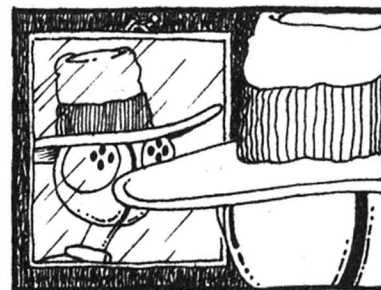


YOU CAN TAKE MY BROTHER'S HORSE AND YOU MAY NEED THIS GUN, TOO.

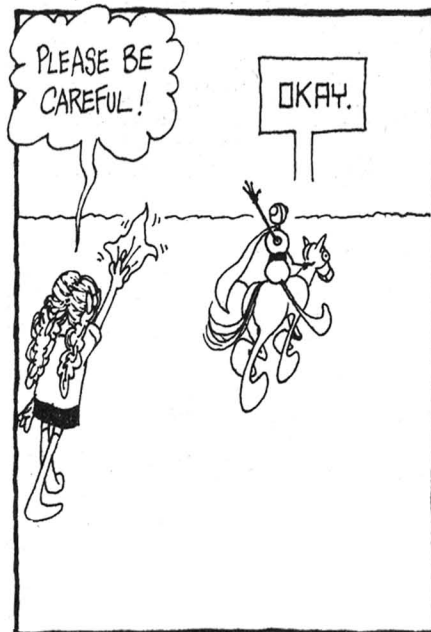
OKAY.



YOU MAY AS WELL WEAR HIS COWBOY HAT, TOO.

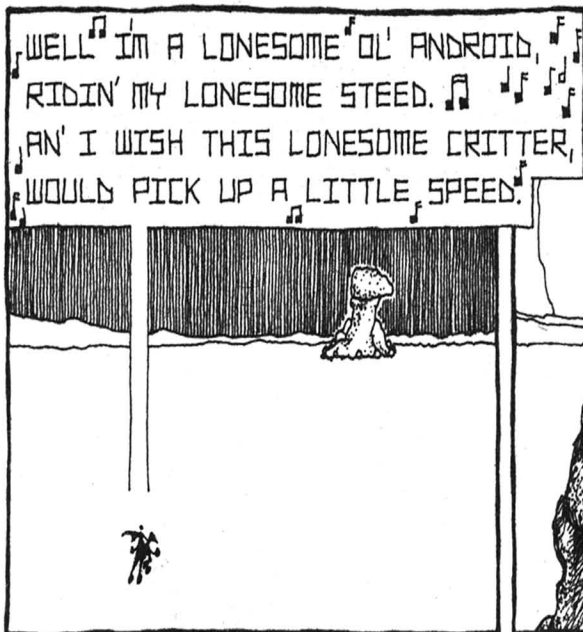


NAW

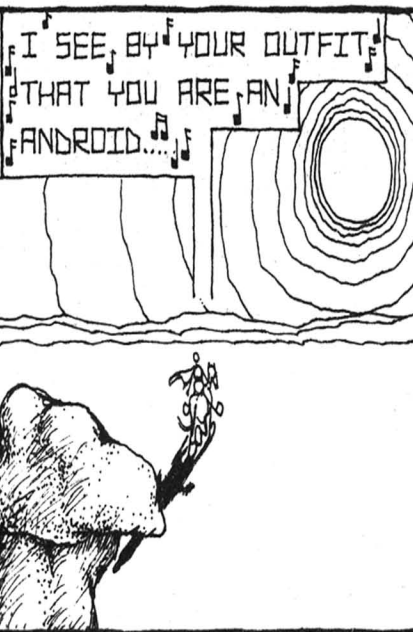


PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

OKAY.



WELL I'M A LONESOME OL' ANDROID, RIDIN' MY LONESOME STEED. AN' I WISH THIS LONESOME CRITTER, WOULD PICK UP A LITTLE SPEED.

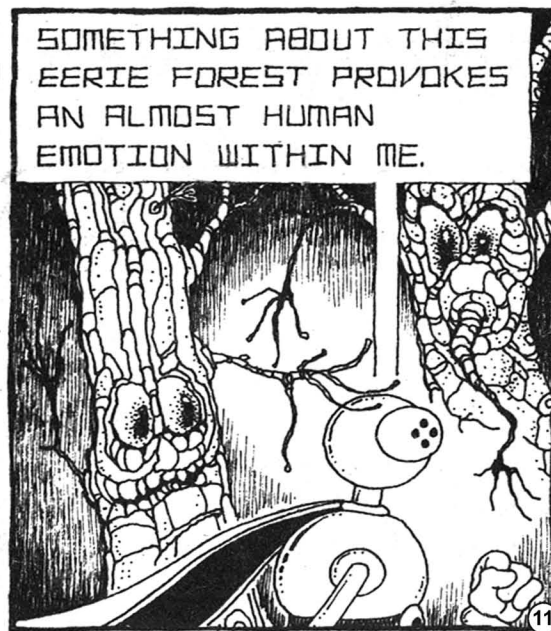


I SEE, BY YOUR OUTFIT, THAT YOU ARE AN ANDROID.



THREE DAYS LATER....

THESE WOODS ARE TOO THICK FOR A HORSE, SO I WILL CONTINUE ON FOOT. WAIT HERE FOR ME YOUNG CRITTER.



SOMETHING ABOUT THIS EERIE FOREST PROVOKES AN ALMOST HUMAN EMOTION WITHIN ME.



AN ANDROID
KNOWS NO FEAR.
AN ANDROID
KNOWS NO FEAR.
AN ANDROID....



MY SENSORS ARE
PICKING UP THE
SPHERE'S—WAIT!!
WHAT'S THAT?

HEHE
HE
HA HA HA
HO HO
QUINK!
HE HE
HARRR
HA HA



GNOMES!! AND
THE SPHERE!!!



OH, TIS ALE
WHICH SETS ME
MIND AFLOAT!
Yo Ho!
Yo Ho!
Yo Ho!

HAIL
ALE!

YE OLDE
GLOWBALL
BOPS ME
NOGGIN!

QUINK!
QUINK!

Ho Ho Ho!

HA
HA!
WHAT
DO YE
THINK
GLOW-
BALL?

QUINK!
QUINKQUINK!



HI LITTLE BUDDY!!!

I BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER
FOR YOU!! ARE YOU ABOUT READY TO COME HOME?

HUH LITTLE BUDDY?

ENOUGH OF THIS!! IT IS
THE SPHERE THAT I WANT!!



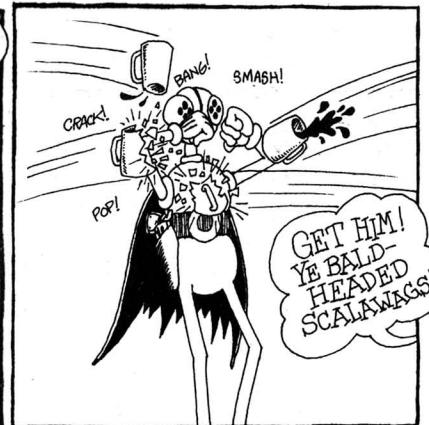
Wooo

AIEE!



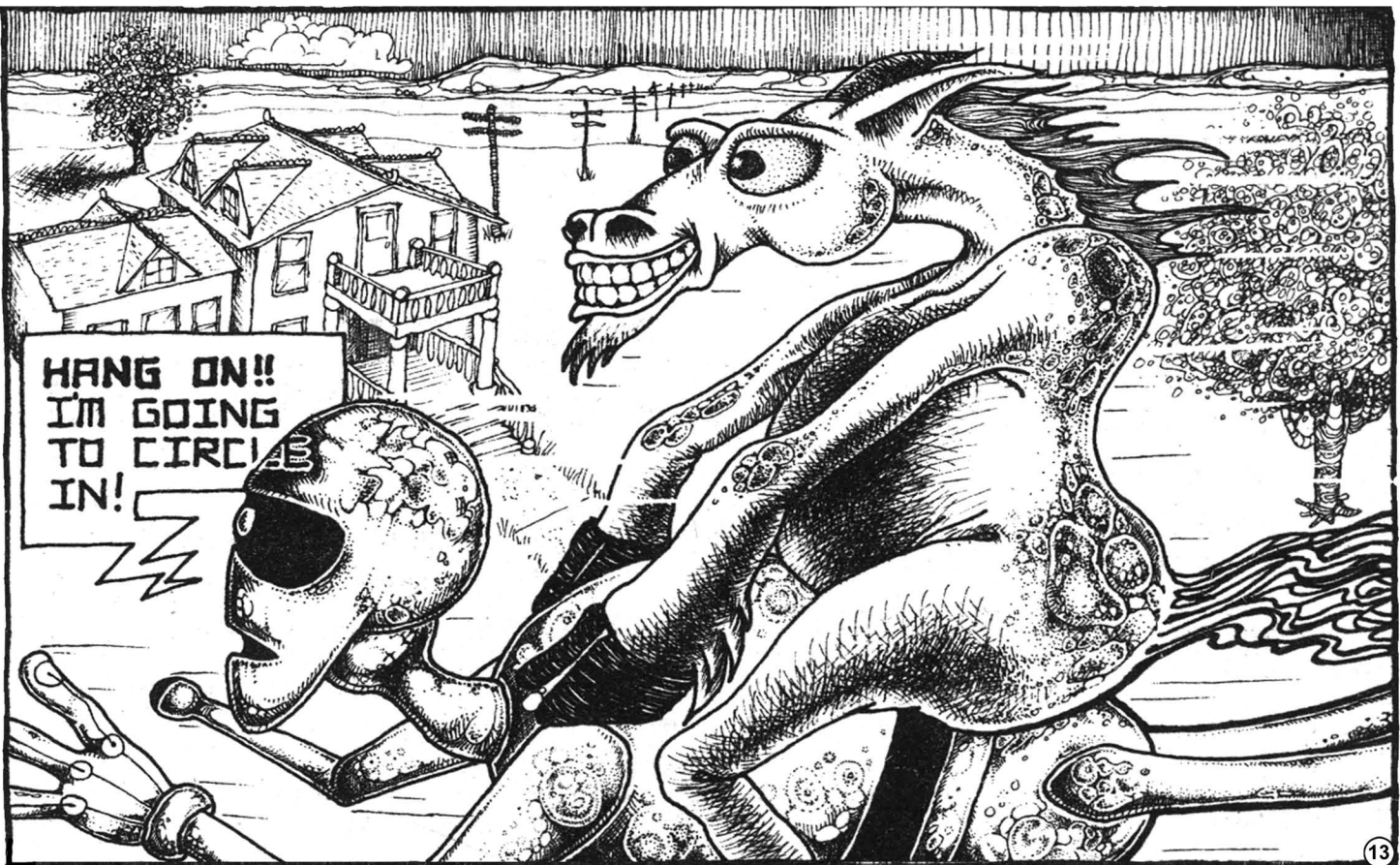
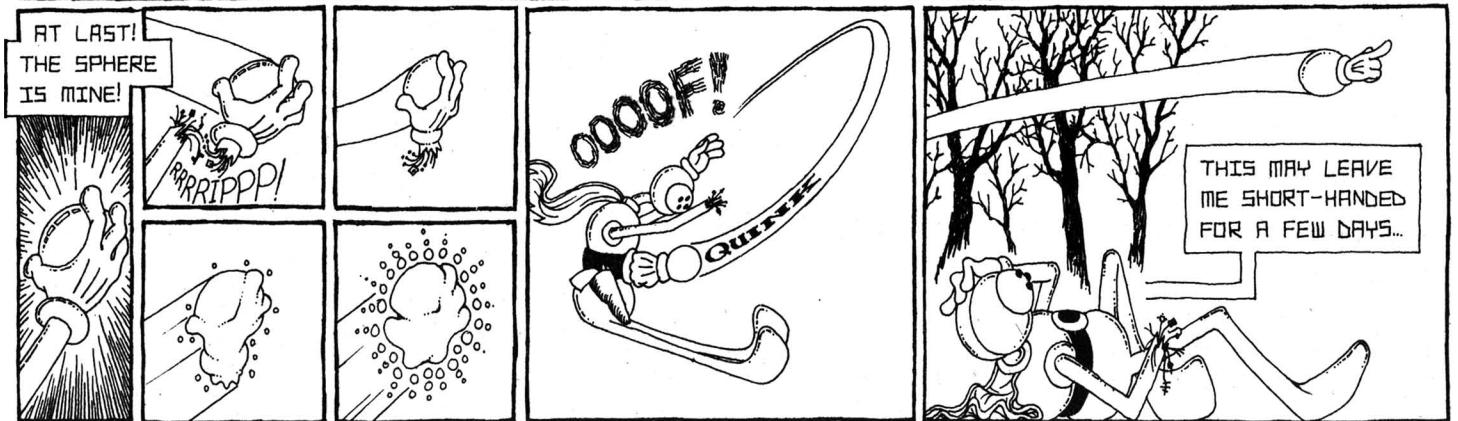
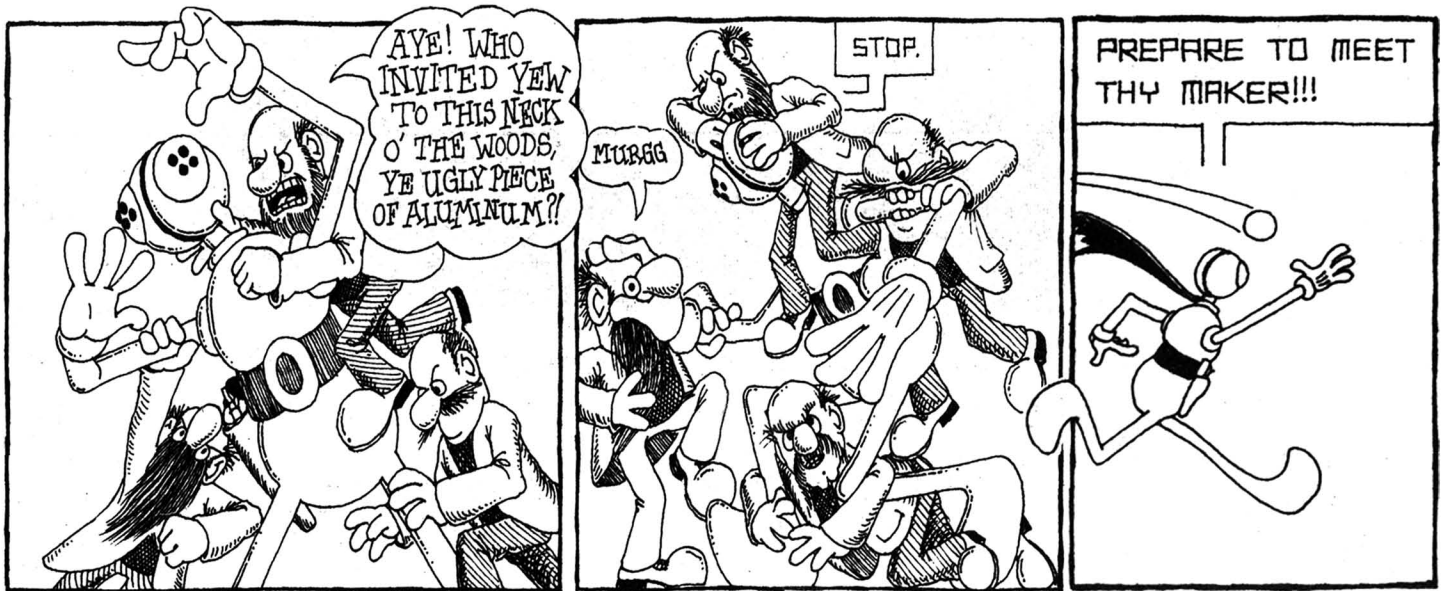
HEY! THAT SCOUNDREL WANTS TO TAKE OUR GLOWBALL
AWAY FROM US!

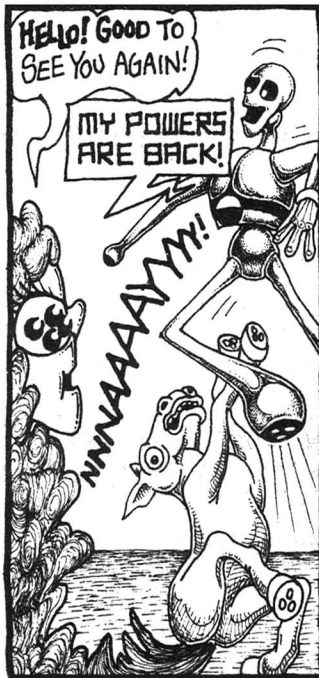
QUINK QUINK!



CRACK!
POP!
BANG!
SMASH!

GET HIM!
YE BALD-
HEADED
SCALWAGS!





HELLO! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

MY POWERS ARE BACK!



DID YOU DESTROY THE SPHERE AND AVENGE MY BROTHER'S DEATH?

SOMEHOW MY GIRLFRIEND LOOKS DIFFERENT...

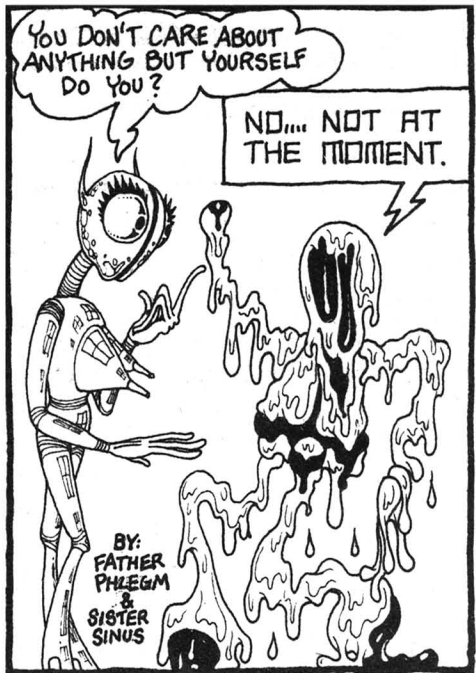


NO, BUT I DID ABSORB ENOUGH SPHERICAL RADIATION TO RESTORE MY ANDROID POWERS COMPLETELY!! WATCH!



BUT WHAT ABOUT MY BROTHER!?

YOUR BROTHER IS DEAD. EVER SEE ANYBODY DO THIS?



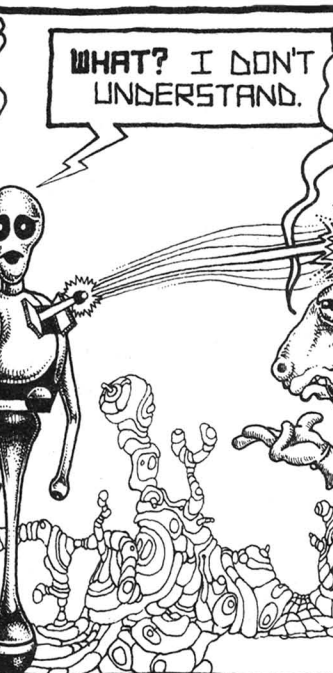
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING BUT YOURSELF DO YOU?

NO... NOT AT THE MOMENT.

BY: FATHER PHEGM & SISTER SINUS



GET OUT OF HERE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



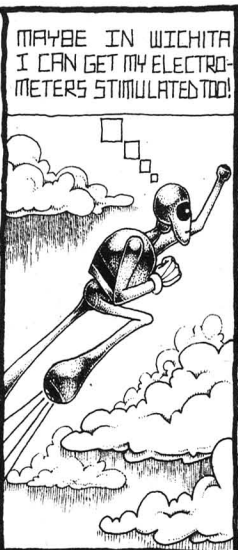
WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



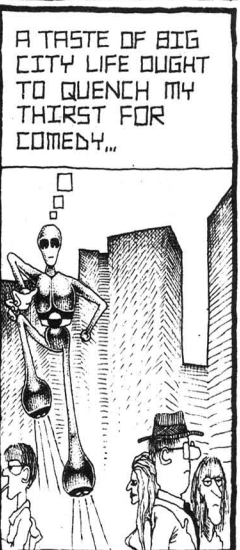
forget her. She'll turn your daydreams into nightmares.



I WONDER IF A SLIGHT CHANGE OF SCENERY WOULD STIMULATE MY THOUGHT PROCESSES?



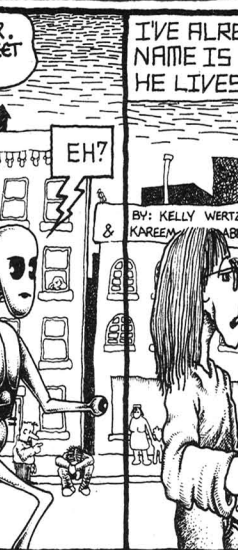
MAYBE IN WICHITA I CAN GET MY ELECTRO-METERS STIMULATED TOO!



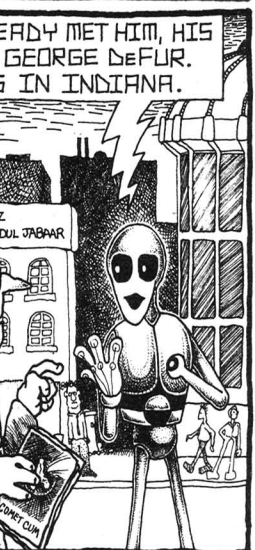
A TASTE OF BIG CITY LIFE OUGHT TO QUENCH MY THIRST FOR COMEDY...



EXCUSE ME, BROTHER. ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET THY MAKER?



I'VE ALREADY MET HIM, HIS NAME IS GEORGE DEFUR. HE LIVES IN INDIANA.



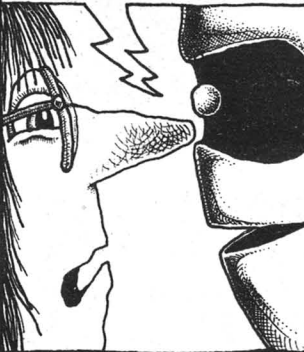
BY: KELLY WERTZ & KAREEM ABDUL JABBAR



SAVIOR? HE'S MY NEIGHBOR!!!



J.C. LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ME WITH AN OLD GUY. THEY'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL MOBIL SATELLITE UP THERE. DID YOU KNOW HE WAS AN ANDROID?



BLASPHEMY! I OUGHT TO SMASH YOUR FACE FOR SAYING THAT!



WELL, LOOK- I HAVE TO FLY. MAYBE WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LATER.



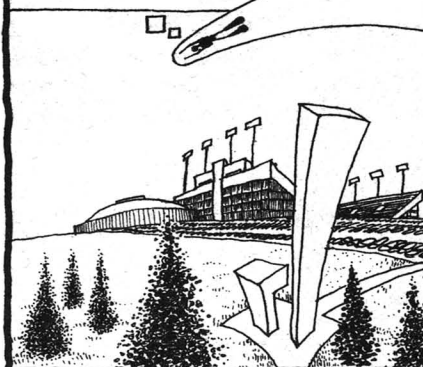
WAIT! COME BACK AND BLESS THIS HUMBLE SERVANT!

SORRY, I HAVE TO FLY.

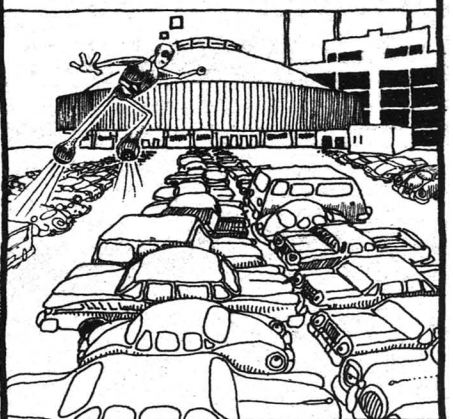
I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU.

Android "Kampus"

THAT MUST BE WICHITA STATE UNIVERSITY DOWN THERE. POSSIBLY A SOURCE OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNION....



AWFUL LOT OF CARS. A MASS MEETING OF THE MINDS, MAYBE? BETTER CHECK IT OUT.



ODD ODORS IN HERE. HUMANS.

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? OVERGROWN HUMANS IN COLORED UNDERWEAR ARE RUNNING WILD IN HERE!!

IT'S MAKING THIS CROWD VERY EMOTIONAL.

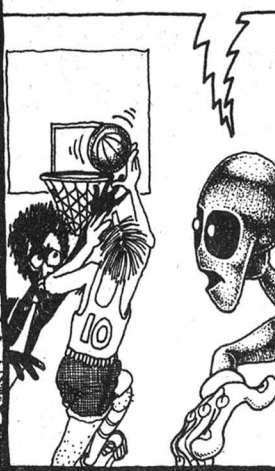


HIT! DO DAH-DO-DAH GIT ROW YEAH! GROWL WHEEE BZ15

THIS IS HOW WARS
GET STARTED!!



EVERYTHING SEEMS
TO CENTER AROUND
THAT **BOUNCING
SPHERE!**



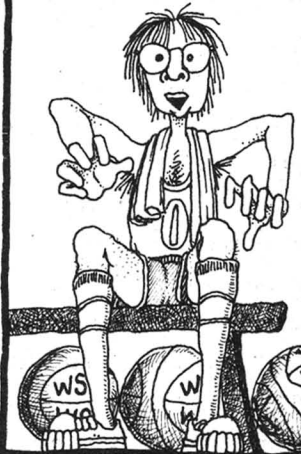
IT'S BETTER ACT NOW, BEFORE
THIS THING BLOWS WIDE OPEN!!



NOW THE MEETING OF THE MINDS
CAN RESUME, I PRESUME....



HEY! THAT FLYING
ROBOT JUST DESTROYED
THE BASKETBALL!!



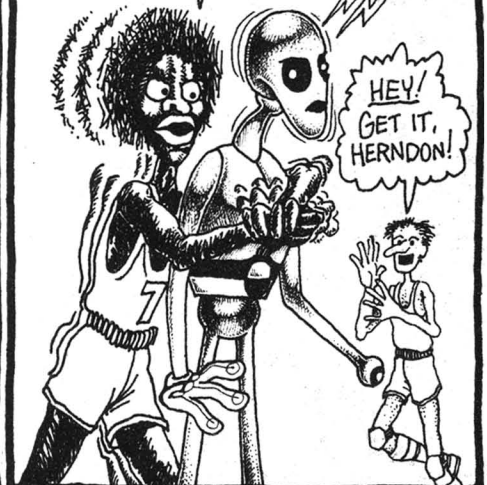
HEY! AND NOW HE'S—
OH NO, HE'S TURNING
TOWARDS ME!



HEY! DON'T LET HIM!
GET ME COACH!!



HEY! HEY!
THAT'S ENOUGH!



HEY! SETTLE DOWN! OR I'LL
BREAK EVER BONE IN YOUR BODY!



HEY! MY BODY
DOESN'T HAVE
ANY BONES!!

HEY! KILL
THAT IDIOT!

WHY SHOULD
I? A 'BONK'
SEEMS MORE
APPROPRIATE!!

HEY... THE ANDROID DISPLAYS
ANOTHER AMAZING POWER....



HEY!!

BONK!

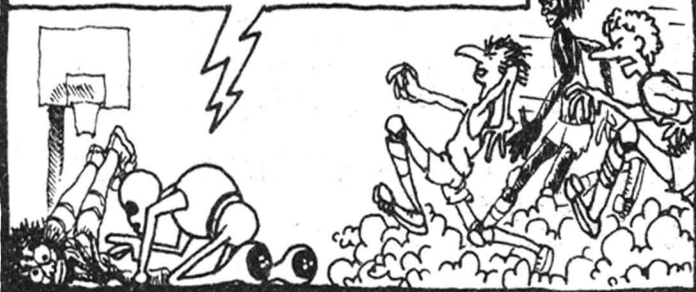
HEY! CLIFF'S
HURT!

HEY! COME ON!
BEFORE HE
HURTS SOME-
ONE ELSE!

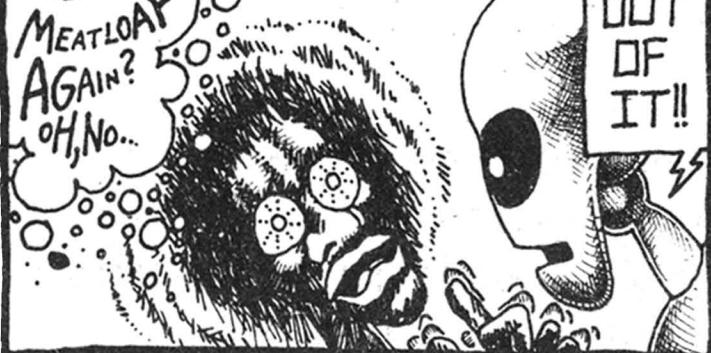


HEY!
WHERE'S
THE BALL?

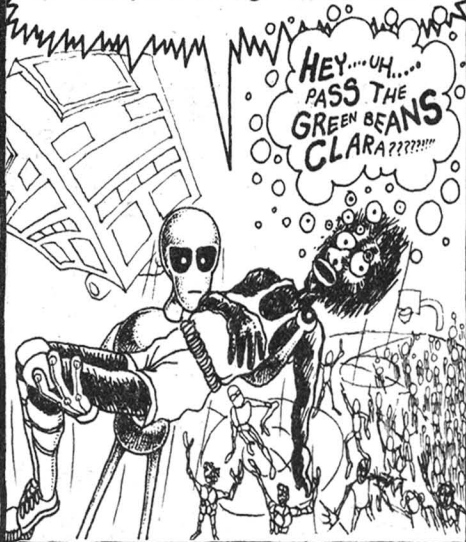
HEY! IT'S A STAMPEDE!
HEY!!! YOU OK? GET UP!!
YOU'LL BE TRAMPLED!



HEY!
MEATLOAF
AGAIN?
OH, NO...



HEY! NOW THAT LUNATIC
IS KIDNAPPING HERNDON!

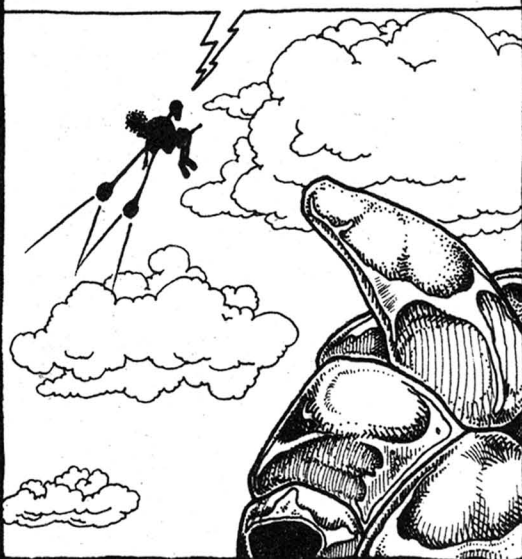


THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS! YOU HEARD
RIGHT! AS IF DESTROYING EVERY
BASKETBALL IN HENRY LEVITT
ARENA WAS NOT ENOUGH, THE
STRANGE CREATURE HAS NOW
INJURED NO. 48 CLIFFORD HERNDON,
AND IS FLYING—YES, FLYING—
OUT OF THE ARENA, CHASED BY
A PACK OF ANGRY FANS, PLAYERS,
AND ENOUGH SECURITY POLICE
TO START A WAR! GEEESUS!
WHAT A BALL GAME!!!



WHAT MADE ME STRIKE
HIM SO HARD? AND
WHY DID THAT CROWD
GET SO UGLY?

CAN'T GET VERY HIGH WITH
THIS LOAD. WE NEED SOME
TRANSPORTATION! SAY,
WHAT'S THAT BELOW?

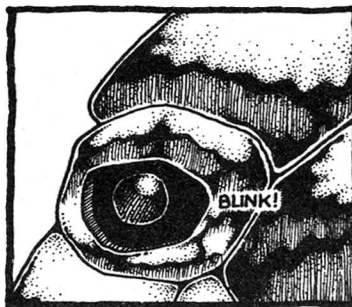
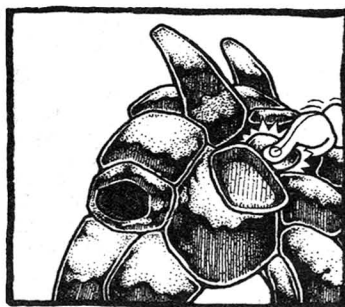
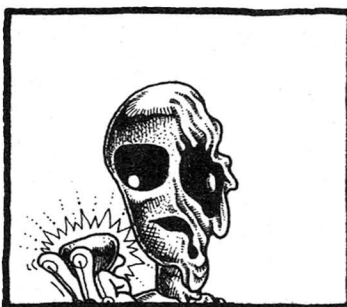


HEEYAH! GIDDYAP!
IT'S NO USE! THIS
HORSE IS ONLY A
STATUE!!

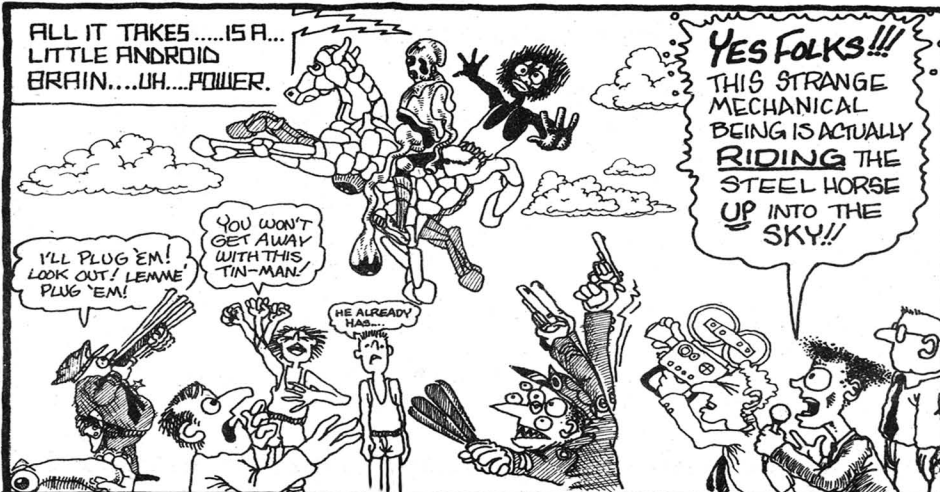




BUT I CAN FIX THAT!



BLINK!



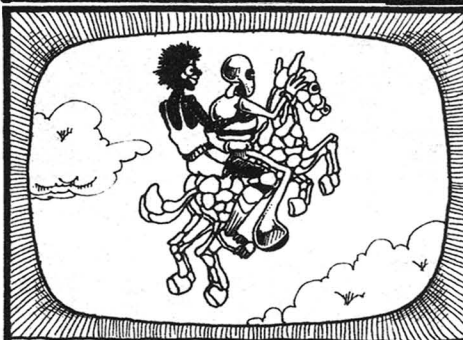
ALL IT TAKES.....IS A...
LITTLE ANDROID
BRAIN....UH....POWER.

YES FOLKS!!!
THIS STRANGE
MECHANICAL
BEING IS ACTUALLY
RIDING THE
STEEL HORSE
UP INTO THE
SKY!!

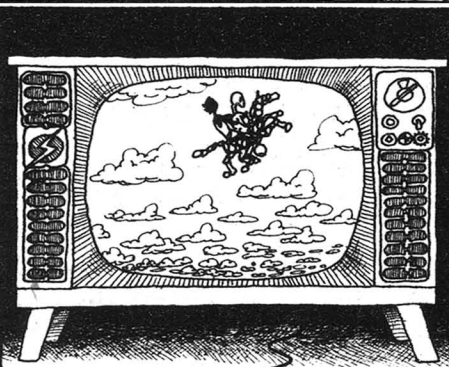
I'LL PLUG 'EM!
LOOK OUT! LENNIE
PLUG 'EM!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS
TIN-MAN!

HE ALREADY
HAS.....



"...WHILE A CAPACITY CROWD
LOOKED ON, THE UNIDENTIFIED
ROBOT FLEW FROM THE ARENA, TO
A NEARBY SCULPTURE, CARRYING
THE INJURED CLIFFORD HERNDON
IN HIS ARMS...."



"...AS THIS FOOTAGE SHOWS, THE
CREATURE THEN CAUSED THE
SCULPTURE TO FLY, THUS MAKING
GOOD, HIS DARING ESCAPE...."



"...THE W.S.U. ATHLETIC
DEPARTMENT HAS ANNOUNCED
AN \$82,000⁰⁰ REWARD FOR THE
CAPTURE OR DESTRUCTION OF
THIS DANGEROUS PRODUCT OF OUR
EVER-INCREASING TECHNOLOGY...."



"JEFF JONES,
ON THE SCENE
AT W.S.U."

MAAAN! WHAT A
TRIP! GLAD I
DECIDED TO
COME ALONG.

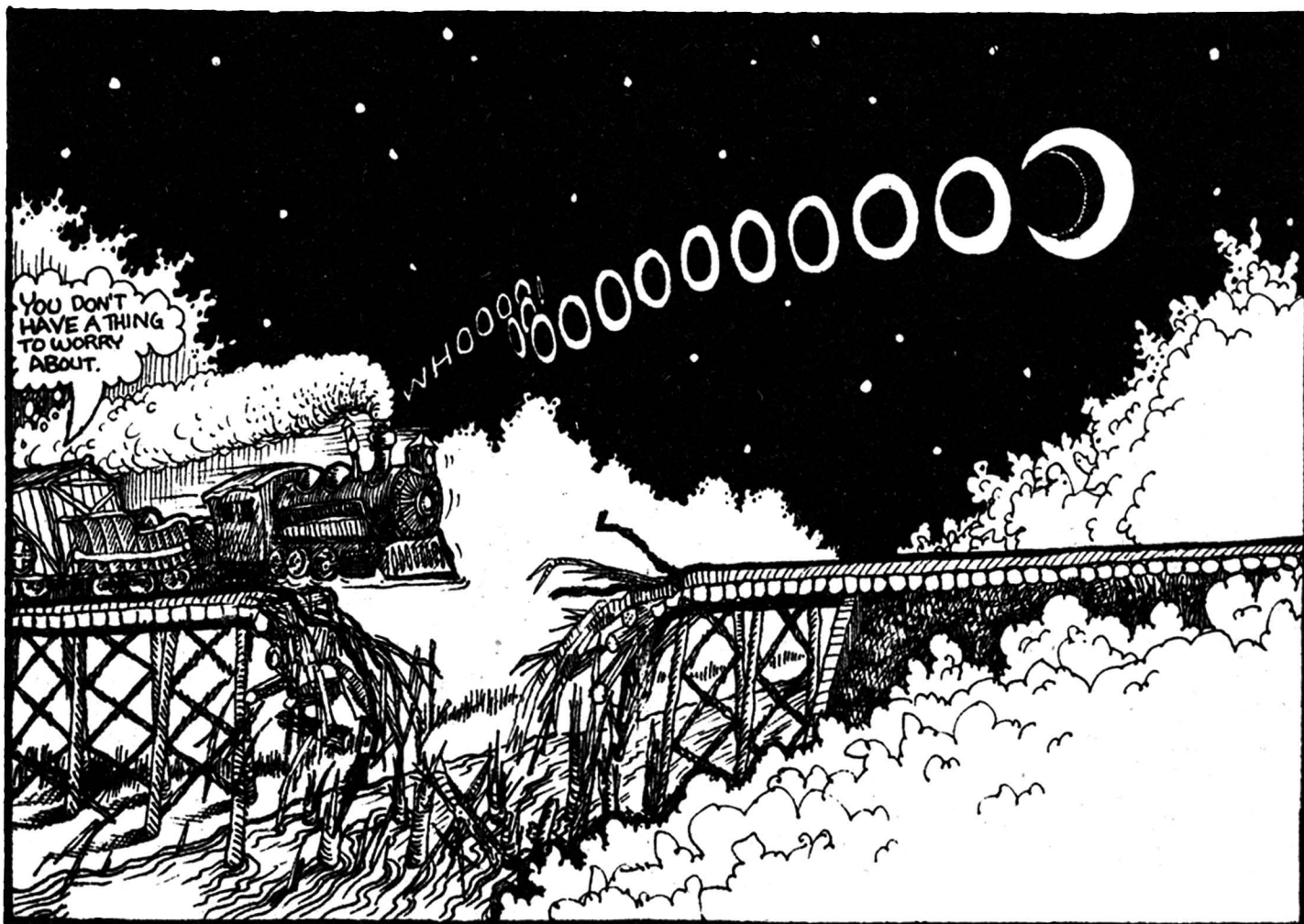
SO AM I.
YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WHO
CAN PROVE
I'M NOT A
MENACE
TO SOCIETY.



DON'T WORRY, I'LL
SET THEM TURKEYS
STRAIGHT!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT
TURKEYS, JUST
HELP ME EXPLAIN
WHAT HAPPENED.

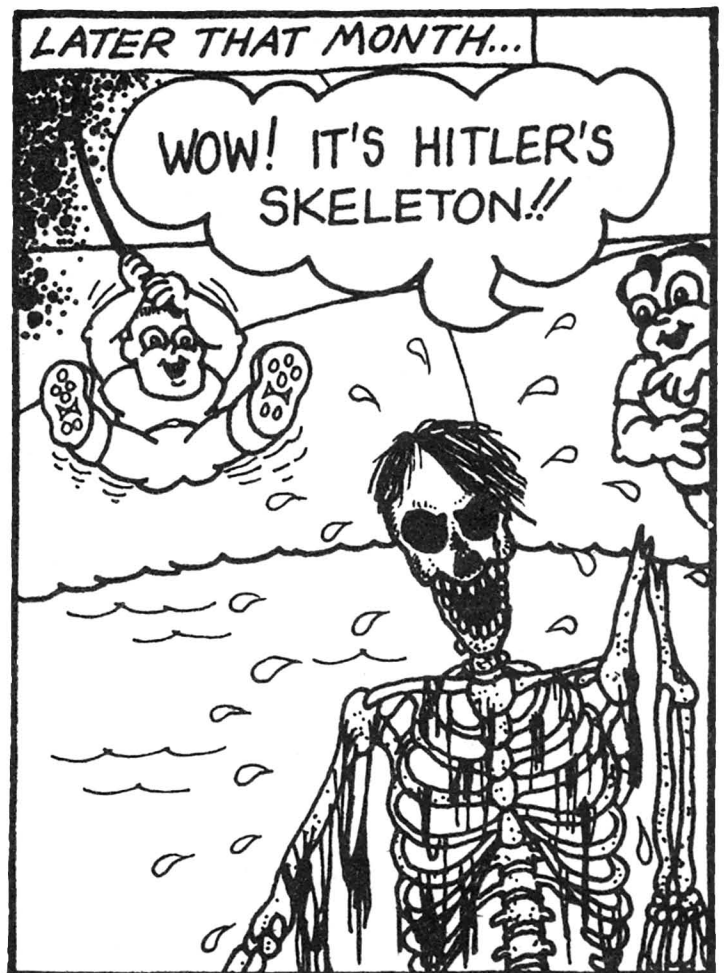
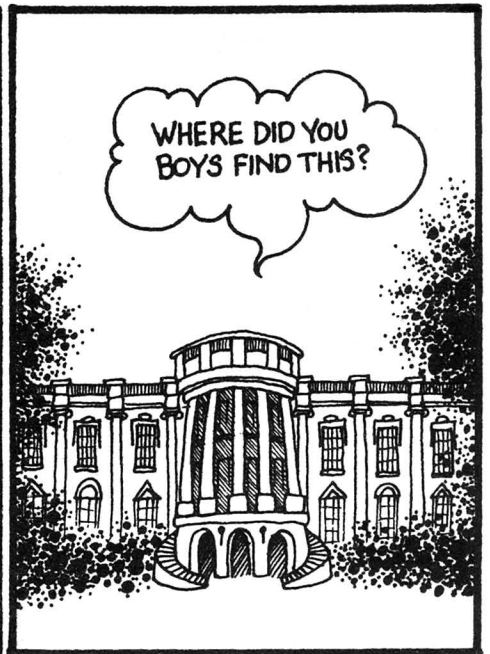
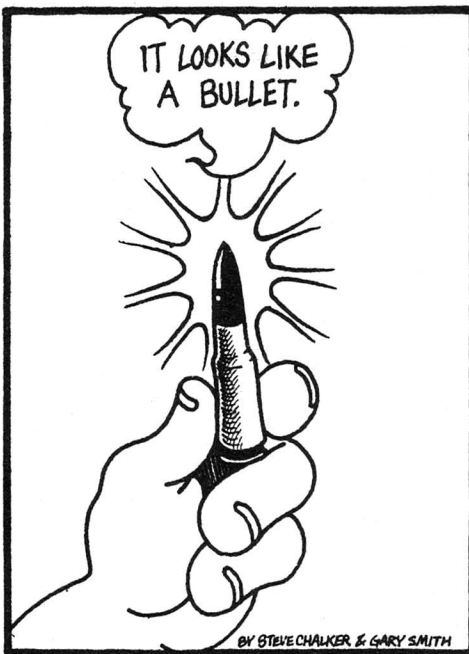




THE HUSKY BOYS

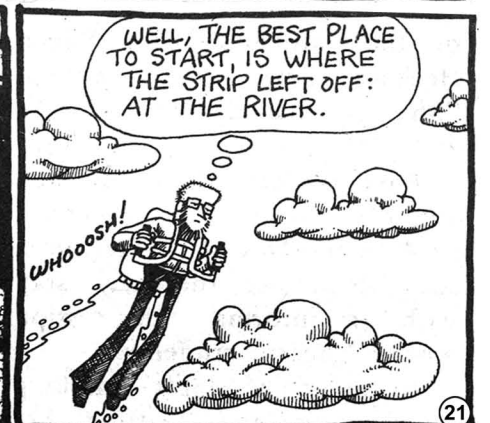
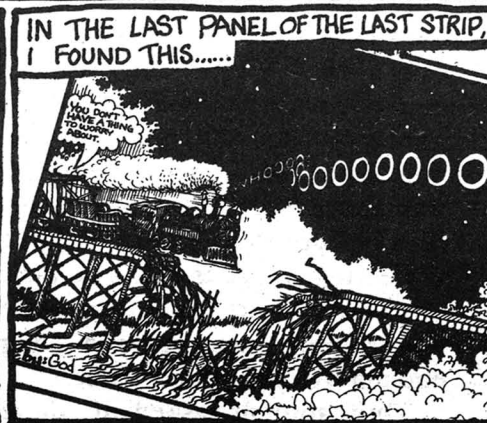
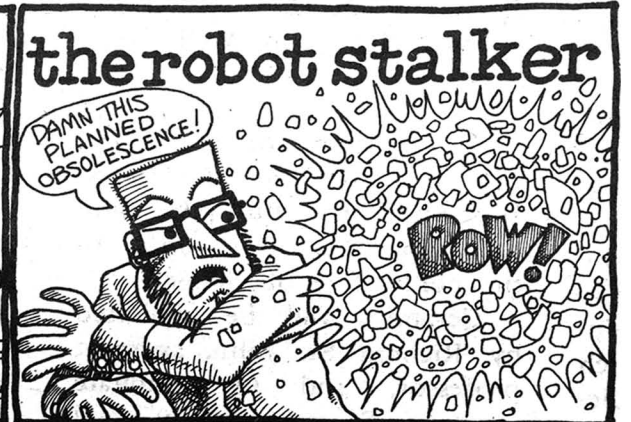
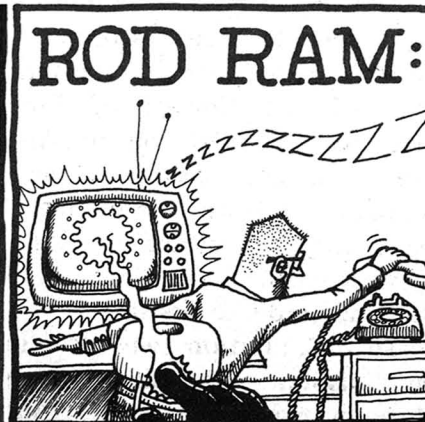
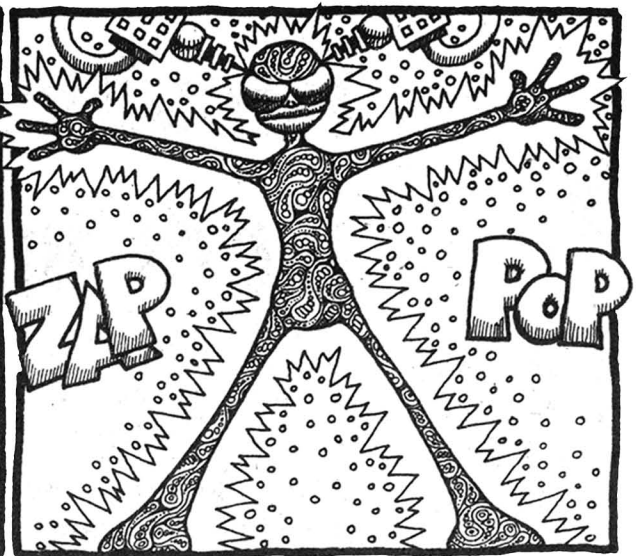
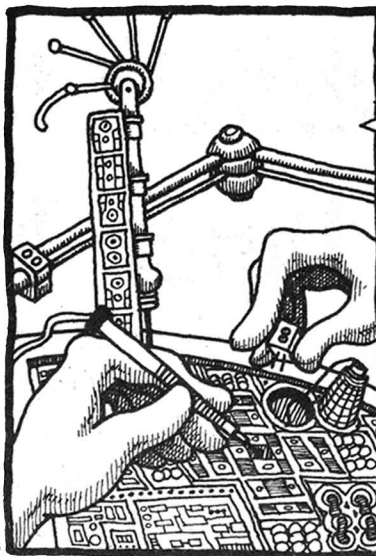
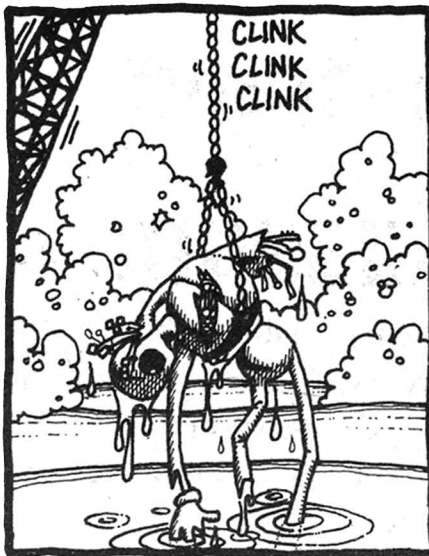
THE LACYGNEⁱⁿ RIVER MYSTERY

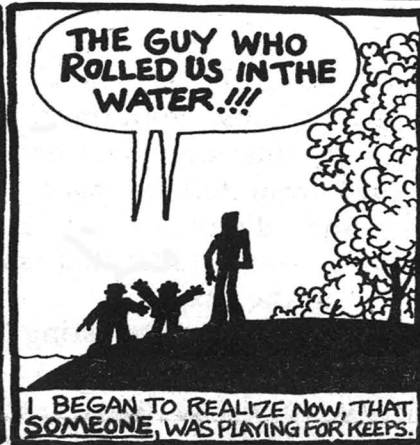
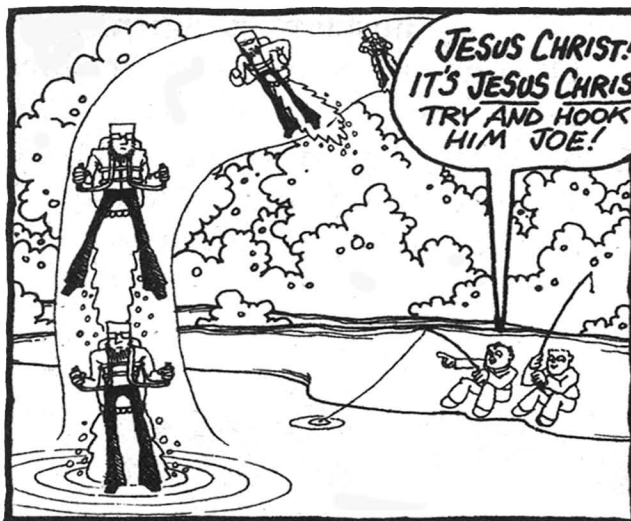




NEXT UP, WE RETURN TO:







RAM! RAM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK HERE!

YUK YUK

I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING, BUT I WASN'T GOING TO COVER THE ANTICS OF SALLEY HARTWELL.

I ENDED UP AT THE PUB.....

..I CAN'T FIGURE IT! A BLACK MAN WITH NO FACE, A DEAD GUY WITH A BIG NOSE, AND A MISSING ROBOT. WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

WHAT?

WHAT??

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

THAT'S WHAT I HAVE TO FIND OUT.

WELL, WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION IN ALL THIS?

I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A GOOD STORY. AND, IF I SAVE A FEW LIVES IN THE PROCESS, THAT'S OK TOO. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

WHAT'S THAT!?!?

YOUR NAME. SURLY YOU—

GAACK!!

SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHING IN MY DRINK!

FWAAAAAP!

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW, OR WHY BUT ONE THING WAS BECOMING CLEAR: SOMEONE WANTED ME DEAD.

I WENT HOME TO THINK IT ALL OVER WHEN.....

RING...RING...RING...

HELLO, RAM? THIS IS BEARTH. -BZZZ-CLICK- MEET ME AT THE SUNFLOWER IN 10 MINUTES, I'VE GOT SOMETHING CLICK-CLICK THAT WILL BLOW YOU AWAY!!!!!!

CLICK!

LOOK DAN, I'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY. I—

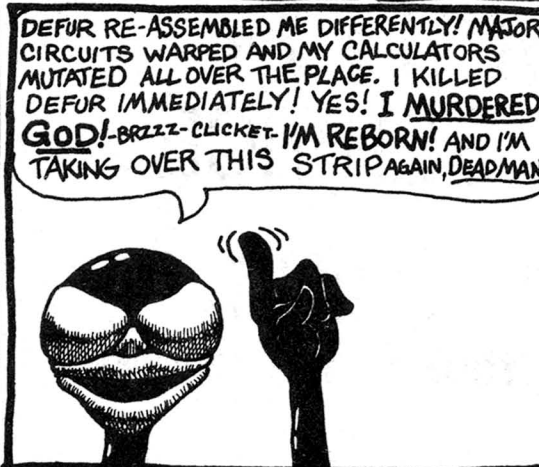
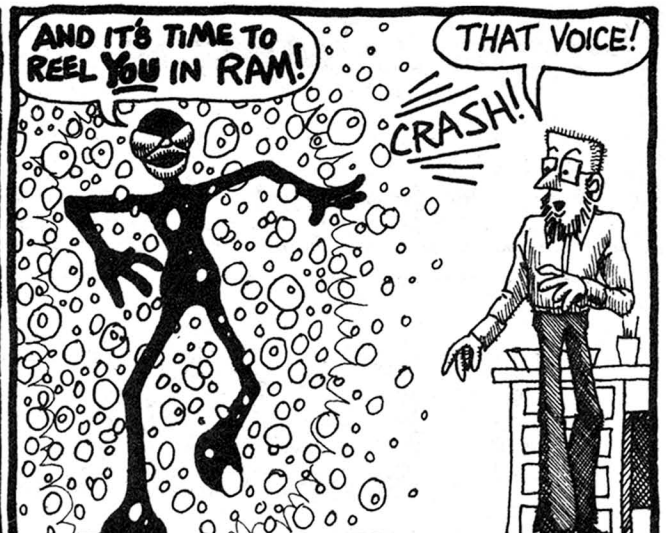
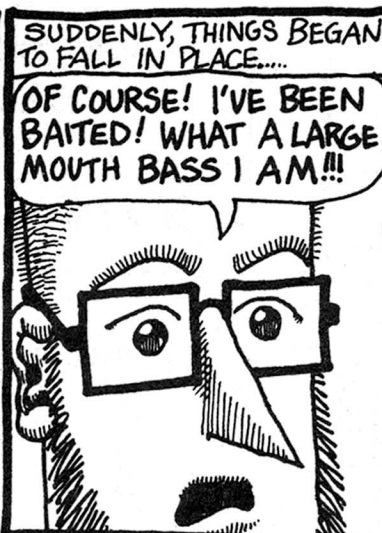
HE SOUNDED PRETTY TURNED ON ABOUT SOMETHING, SO I DECIDED TO SEE WHAT WAS UP...

OK. HERE I AM. BLOW ME AWAY.

WHAT? OH RAM, I'M BUSY. WHADDA' YOU WANT?

HEY LISTEN, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CALLED ME!

ARE YOU INSANE? I DIDN'T CALL YOU.



FEAR & LOATHING IN CENTRAL KANSAS

WITH ROD RAM GONZO CARTOONIST

EVER SINCE SPACEMEN LANDED ON OUR PLANET, MEN HAVE BEEN SEEKING LEADERS. AND, EVEN TODAY IN CIVILIZED KANSAS, THE SEARCH GOES ON. HELLO..... I'M **ROD RAM**..... GONZO CARTOONIST. AND I'M HERE AT THE EDGE OF CREDIBILITY—IN THE MIDDLE OF W.S.U. OVER THERE, ON MY FAR LEFT IS.....



DON KOERNER, PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE. DON, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN ON THE SGA A LOT LATELY. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

WELL, ROD, PERSONALLY, I FEEL THE CURRENT SGA IS A JOKE! SAY! HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE ATHLETIC CZAR WHO WAS TOO SHORT TO PAY ATTENTION??? HE BACKED INTO A FEE ALLOCATION AND MADE A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF. HAHA! GET IT?



UH..... DON, WE'VE HEARD YOU CALLED A LEFT WING LIBERAL. DO YOU PUT MUCH TRUCK IN THAT?

WELL ROD, AS YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE IN EQUALITY, NOT INEQUALITY. ANY NEGROES, CHICANOS, OR MEXICANS WHO WANT TO LAY AROUND AND SMOKE DOPE IN THE SGA OFFICE WILL BE WELCOME!!!

ER—WHAT ABOUT US HONKIES, DON?

THE HONKIES CAN COME IN TOO! BUT THEY HAVE TO ROLL.....



JON, THERE'S THE UNAVOIDABLE QUESTION OF SPORTS. IT HAS PREOCCUPIED YOU FOR MONTHS NOW. WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF FUTURE BOUTS BETWEEN YOU AND BREDEHOFF??? ARE YOU IN SHAPE FOR IT???

I'M IN GREAT SHAPE, ROD! I CAN TAKE EVERYTHING HE DISHES OUT, AND SERVE IT RIGHT BACK TO HIM, WITH EQUAL ALLOCATIONS FOR SUCH MINOR SPORTS AS UNDERWATER MIDGET HOCKEY AND FINGERBALL. I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME WE LIT THE PIPES OF STUDENT ACTION AND TOOK THE FOUR AIR OUT OF FOOTBALL!!!!!!

THANKS, JON. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OVER HERE TO....



THE "ACTION FOR STUDENT ACTION" CANDIDATE **DEBBIE HAYNES**. DEBBIE, WHAT'S ALL THIS TRUPE ABOUT IMPROVING COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN THE SGA AND THE STUDENT-BODY?

WELL, MR. RAM, MY OFFICE WILL BE OPEN 20 HOURS A WEEK, SO YOU STUDENTS CAN COME IN AND TELL ME WHAT TO DO!



I VOW, TO DEDICATE MY TIME, TO THE STUDENTS AS WELL AS THE SGA, IN WHOSE NAME WE TRUST. ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, INDIVISIBLE, WITH ALLOCATIONS, AND FREE UNIVERSITY FOR ALL!!!!!!

WELL, GOOD LUCK TOOTS!! NOW, IF I CAN, I'D LIKE TO GET A WORD CANDIDATE.....



LES WALKER. UH, LESLEY, COULD YOU EXPLAIN YOUR STARTLING NEW "REVERSE PARTICIPATION" PLAN?

THANK YOU RAM. ER—MR. ROD OUR PLAN IS TO IMPOUND AND RE-DIRECT STUDENT FUNDS TO SET UP A "COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK." I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH WORK IT TAKES. WE WILL DO ANYTHING TO ESTABLISH PERSONAL CONTACT WITH THE STUDENT. THROUGH THE JUDICIOUS USE OF PHONE TAPS AND MAIL SURVEILLANCE WE CAN OPEN UP LINES OF COMMUNICATION, WHERE NONE WERE NEEDED BEFORE, SO THAT WHEN "JOE COLLEGE" TALKS, WE'LL BE LISTENING!!!!!!

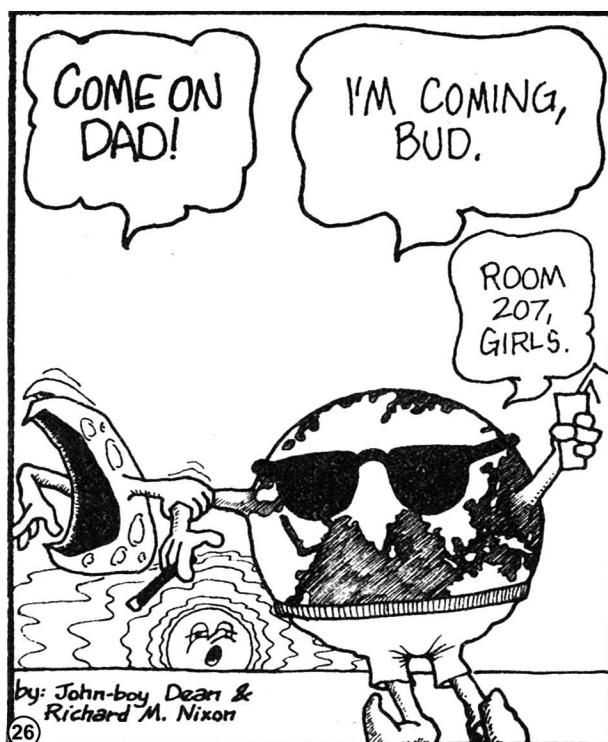
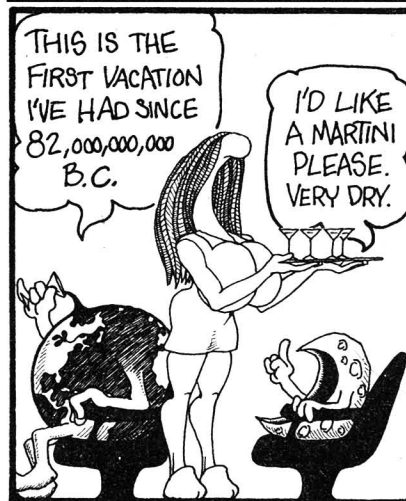
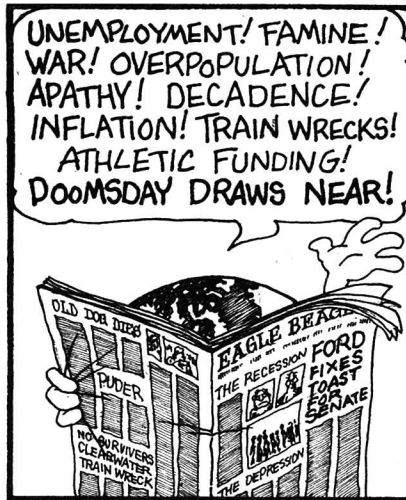


COMMUNICATION! THAT'S THE KEY!!!!!! LET'S TALK!! WE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES HAVE A TENDENCY TO TALK—A LOT, GENERALLY VERY LOUD AND TO EVERYONE ABOUT EVERYTHING. NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE PEOPLE TO TALK, AND FOR US TO LISTEN! COMMUNICATION!!! GETTING THROUGH TO YOU! GETTING THROUGH TO YOU!

I GUESS SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT POLITICIANS ARE NOTHING BUT SLUGS AND THAT POLITICS IS A DARK, SWAMPY BUSINESS, BUT THESE THREE SEEM TO LIKE IT. **ROD RAM** CARTOON NEWS, W.S.U.



EARTH TAKES A VACATION



THE CARTOON SCENE NEWS

HI! I'M JACK FRUIT. TONIGHT ON THE CARTOON SCENE NEWS WE HAVE, WELL.... WE DON'T UM.... WE REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH... I MEAN THE ANDROID HASN'T CHECKED IN FOR A MONTH, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S AT, YOU SEE, ROD RAM WAS SUPPOSED TO GO DOWN TO CLEARWATER AND CHECK INTO THAT, BUT, I DON'T KNOW, THE LAST WE HEARD OF RAM HE WAS STUMBLING AROUND, INCOHERENT, AT SOME RIVER PARTY....

EVEN SMITH IS GONE! I BET HIM AND WHIPPLE ARE DOWN IN ARK CITY, SUCKING AWAY AT A SIX PACK. WELL, ANYWAY THE ONLY PERSON IN THE CARTOON STUDIO IS..... JIM DUCK! OUR WEATHER BIRD. JIM, WHAT'S THE WEATHER LOOK LIKE FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS?

WELL JACK, WE'RE LOOKING FOR FAIR SKYS AND HIGH ENERGY THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DECADE, WITH A SLIGHT CHANCE OF SOLAR INDEPENDENCE BY THE 80'S. ILL WINDS WILL BE SOUTHEAST OF ASIA, AND THEN SHIFTING TO THE MIDEAST AS THAT COLD WAR FRONT MOVES CLOSER OVERNIGHT. WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR THE HIGHS TOMORROW TO BE INCREASING, 30 HITS OR MORE, ON THE WHOLE, A VERY SCHITZOID FORECAST. AND THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR THE WEATHER JACK....

THANK YOU JIM, NOW WE HAVE A FEW! MOMENTS FOR SOME INFANTILE CHATTER BETWEEN US....

UH...YES JACK WE CAN PULL A FEW AVERAGE, MIDDLE BRAINED GAGS FOR ALL THESE MUSHY AIRCRAFT WORKERS AND THEIR SLOUCHY WIVES....

YES JIM, IT CERTAINLY IS AN EGO PUMP TO BE HERE IN FRONT OF THE CARTOON CAMERAS, IN CHARGE, UP FRONT, WHERE IT HAPPENING IN COSMOPOLITIAN WICHITA!

OH HO - HA HA HAW! I GET IT! HAW HAW HAW!

BANG! CRASH!

WHAT? WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT?

JESUS FRUBLING GRUMBER FLOK MRUMBR FRENT!

RAM! ITS RODRAM! IVE TOLD YOU NOT TO COME TO WORK RIPPED!

WHAT? I'M NOT RIPPED! I DIDN'T FIND THE ROBOT. MAYBE HE DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN HUH? WELL, WHO CARES, EH BUD? I DID THOUGH, RUN INTO SOME GUYS WITH A KEG OF BEER AND SOME GREAT COKE...ER... SMOKE. I MEAN-

RAM! IVE HAD IT! YOUR BRAIN IS ALL SLOSHY FROM TO MANY DRUGS! YOU'RE A USELESS PRODUCT OF SOCIETY! OUT! GET OUT!

YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT! IT'S THE LAST PANEL, DOPE! TAKE THIS!

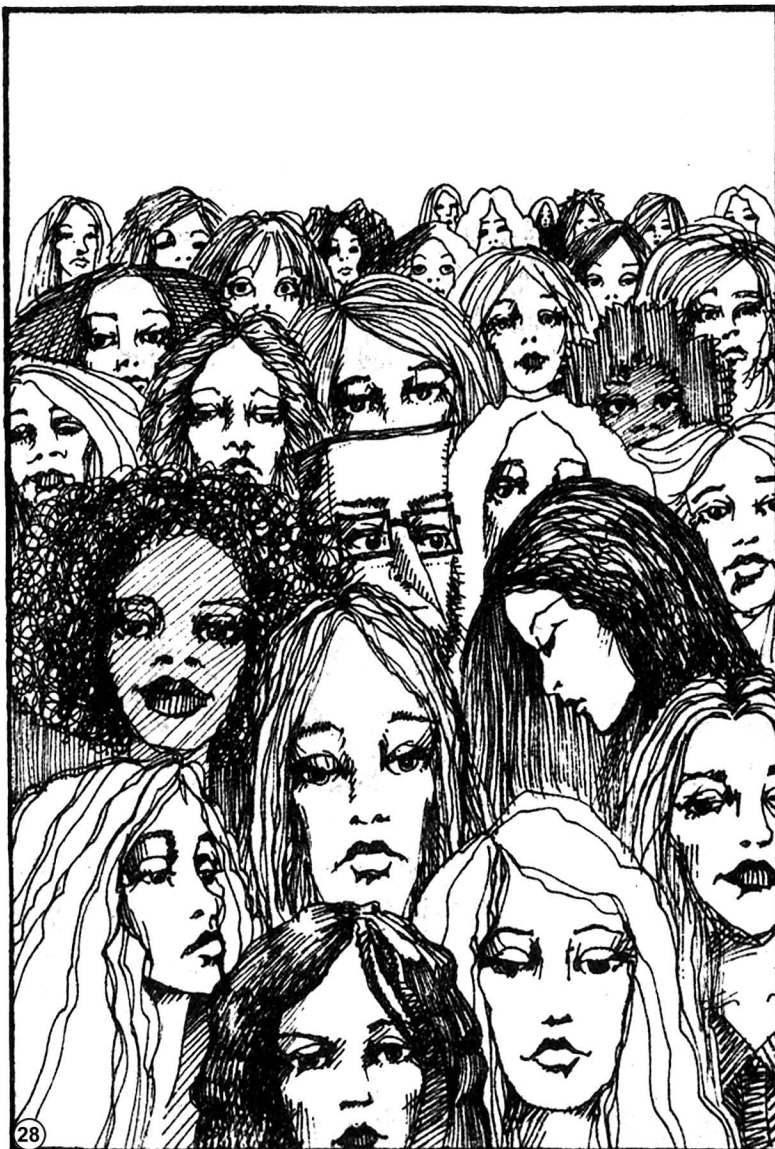
UHHHHH!! SMACK!!

I DON'T GET IT. I DON'T UNNER STAND THIS HERE ANDROID STUFF. WHY DON'T THEY PRINT NANCY OR PEANUTS OR SOMETHING?

BY: STEVE CHALKER (ON HIS OWN!!!)

RODRAM RETURNS TO COLLEGE:

①



NOT ONLY DO WE FIND
LARGE GRAYWACKY DEPOSITS
IN THESE YAZOO STREAMS
BUT NUMEROUS WORM
TRAILS ALSO....

BY: STEVE CHALKER / GARY SMITH

THESE WORM TRAILS SUPPLIED MEAT TO THE GOLD-HEADS THROUGHOUT THE SILURIAN PERIOD AND INTO THE EARLY DEVONIAN (KNOWN AS THE AGE OF FISHES) UNTIL THE GREAT CLOT OF TOURISTS WIPED THEM OUT AND BROUGHT THE 'TOURISTBURGER' INTO POPULARITY...."

"HOWEVER, WHILE THE TRAILS WERE STILL IN OPERATION, MILLIONS OF WORMS COULD BE SEEN EDGING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE VAST WESTERN PLAINS...."

GIDDIEYAP!
HEEEYAAA!

"THE MEN WHO WALKED THESE TRAILS WERE KNOWN AS WORNBOYS. THEY SACRIFICED EVERYTHING, JUST TO KEEP THOSE 'LIL' MEATIES' MOVIN'."

"SOMETIMES THEY HAD TO DEFEND THEIR WORMS AGAINST BANDS OF WILD-EYED SAVAGES ARMED WITH PRIMITIVE CLAW HAMMERS....."

**DRAW THE WORMS
INTO A CIRCLE!!!**

NEEE-
HA HA!

SLAM
BAM, THANK
YOU MA'AM

I'LL TALK!
I'LL TALK!

"BUT ALL IN ALL
LIFE ON THE
WORM TRAIL
WASN'T MUCH
FUN..."

GODDAMNIT!
'AH SHORE WISH
'AH COULD GIT
TO THE DENTIST!

AN' BY THE TIME WE GIT TO ABILENE
I'LL BE DEAD, SO YOU'LL TAKE OVER
WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER THERE...

...NO, THAT AIN'T THE
SADDLEHORN MA'AM!

CLASS
DISMISSED!

RRRINGGGGGGGGG

HOO!
HOO!
HOO!
HOO!
HOO!

....LOOKS OVER AT THE NUN WITH HIS GOOD EYE AND SAYS....

...AND SO THE
PIRATE WITH THE
PATCH OVER ONE
EYE....

"YET THE
WORST MENACE
ON THE TRAILS
WERE WORM RUSTLERS

4

STEVE CHALKER

HEH HEH
HEH.

-CHALKER & SMITH,
THIS CARTOON IS ABSURD!
TOO BAD THEY CALLED OFF THE
FOOTBALL KEEB BATTLE, NOW
WE CAN'T USE THIS.
SEE ME TOMORROW,
I'VE GOT AN IDEA ABOUT THE
UPCOMING FOOTBALL SEASON.
YOUR EDITOR,
-D.P.B.

YAAAA

HIT. RUN.
PASS. SCOR
HIT. RUN.
PASS. SCOR
HIT. RUN.

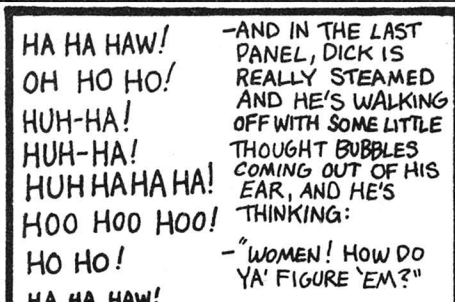
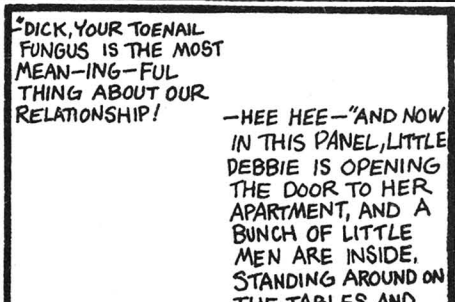
КАРО

2011



DEBBIE HUGGYBUNS

...GIRLSCOUT CHEERLEADER...



I realized then that the ball



He also wanted someone named Jim to either "get up," or get something up.



Chalker: "OK, Marvin. We want you to give us a story with some excitement. Not just coverin' these tooty-frooty's in SGA."



Jennings: "All right, damnit. If

Chalker: "I saw on the wall of the fake restaurant upstairs in the CAC that the rugby team's got a

We were through with rugby until one of the ruggers said the post-game party is just as important as the game.



The host team is supposed to buy the visitors all the beer they can drink. The party was at the English Pub, and I don't know if the O-State team drank all they could, but the two teams drank enough to float the Ryder truck they rented to come to Wichita.

Fraternities sing raunchy songs, but no fraternity I ever heard could begin to equal the bawdiness of the ruggers who put risque lyrics to the "Burger King" theme, and "Would you Like to Swing on a Star."

The most amusing business at the Rugby party was a little production called, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

One man stood on a table in the bar and began to tell the story of the wicked witch and her search for Snow White. When the witch finds the small house in the woods, and hides behind a tree, seven naked ruggers, walking on their knees, led by a girl with a slide-whistle, started a procession through the bar. It

was apparently mandatory to throw beer on the private parts of the dwarves. I guess being a dwarf isn't all it's built up to be.

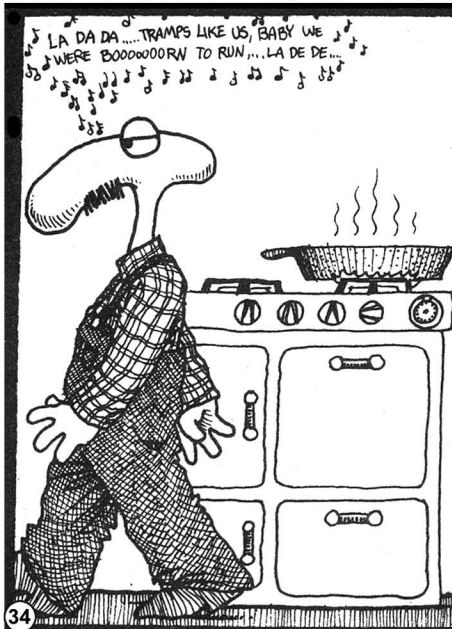
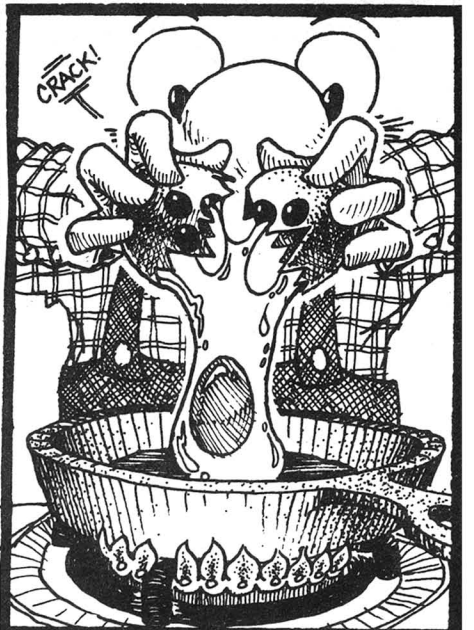
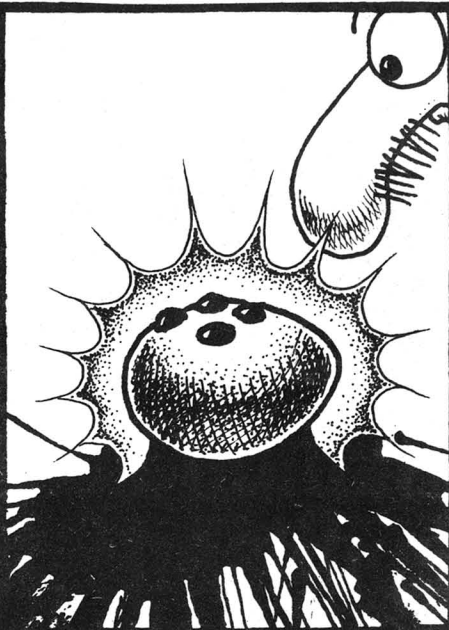
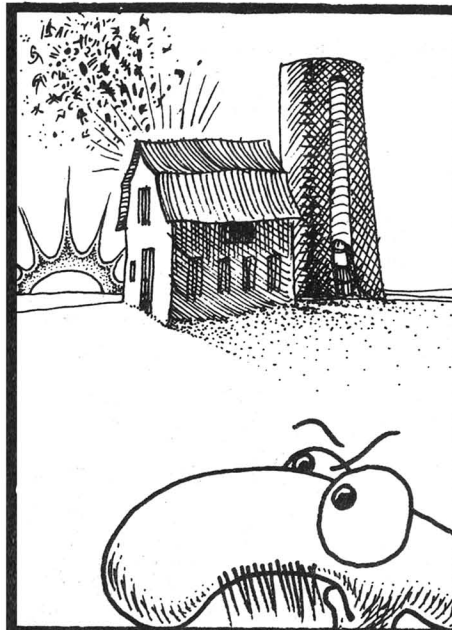
Text by Pat Jennings
Cartoons by Steve Chalker

Snow White was supposed to be naked too, but the best anyone had seen was one naked from the waist up.

A rugger named Greg Crumley said it was difficult to find a Snow White who would lead the dwarves in her birthday suit.

"She'd have to be the kind of girl that didn't embarrass easily," he said.





HOWDY.

SIZZLE

